

The country has now before it, in the report of Lord Hartington's Commission, a direct proposal to establish a real general staff, and already objections of all kinds—largely traceable to vested interests and personal jealousies—have arisen. It is for the country to insist that the army, on which it is willing to spend such a vast annual sum, should be managed on business principles, and that the administrative chaos everywhere apparent should end. In directing the public attention to the working of the German system and clearly tracing the intimate connection between a properly constituted thinking department and the efficiency of an army as a weapon of war, Mr. Wilkinson has rendered excellent service.

### VENETIAN TREASURES.

VENISE : SES ARTS DÉCORATIFS, SES MUSÉES ET SES COLLECTIONS. Par Émile Molinier. Paris : Librairie de l'Art, 29, Cité d'Antin. 1890.

AT intervals Rome and Florence have been laid under contribution for pictorial illustration. The book before us makes one more towards the completion of the series. The letterpress is most ably written by M. Émile Molinier, whose intimate knowledge of Italian art and official connection with the Louvre Museum give assurance of sound and sympathetic views. A careful perusal of the book confirms our preconceived judgment.

The work is made easy for reference by being divided into distinct parts; first, an introduction, giving a general history of the arts of Venice, more especially of its pictorial productions, followed by more detailed accounts of its various branches, such as bronzes, goldsmiths' work, pottery, glass, mosaic, &c. It is a remarkable fact that, in spite of the enormous production of illustrated books in this country, it is to France we are mainly indebted for works of more permanent value. It is still more remarkable that this is not owing to any inability on the part of English draughtsmen, because by far the largest contributor to this book as an illustrator is an Englishman—Mr. C. E. Wilson—whose drawings are exceptionally good, giving proper sympathy to the subjects, and yet preserving their character. Especially is this the case in his drawings of "The Sword given by Pope Alexander VIII. to Doge Francesco Morosini," page 123; and "Une Sibylle," on page 211. Amongst illustrations by other artists are "Chapiteau du Palais Ducal de Venise," pages 6 and 7; "Sculptures de la Façade de l'Eglise San Zaccaria," page 11; and many others of notable value. Etchings are also contributed by Messrs. A. Gilbert, Greux, and L. Gaucherel. The whole forms a book of the highest interest to all who study, love, and venerate the genius of "The Queen of the Adriatic"—Venice.

### TWO NOVELS OF GREATER BRITAIN.

THE MINER'S RIGHT. By Rolf Boldrewood, Author of "Robbery under Arms." London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

THE RAJAH'S HEIR. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1890.

THE world has long since learned to distinguish between the novel which has been written because the author had a story to tell, and that which owes its birth to the fact that the writer had to tell a story. Not a few men and women who have never distinguished themselves otherwise have produced one really good tale; it is only by the masters in the art that a succession of such tales can be brought forth. It is with real regret that we find ourselves driven to the conclusion that the conspicuously able writer who has chosen to call himself Rolf Boldrewood is not one of this favoured class. Some eighteen months ago those persons who are always on the outlook to discover literary merit were talking much about the remarkable story called "Robbery under Arms," and there was a general agreement as to the merit displayed in that work. It had a Defoe-like minuteness of detail that compelled belief in its veracity; the characters of the story were interesting and original; the adventures, of which it was full, were described with graphic force, and the whole atmosphere of the tale was one of life and reality. We wish we could say as much of "The Miner's Right;" but it is useless to disguise the fact that in his new work Mr. Boldrewood has missed his mark. There are, of course, many good things in it. The story of how

the gold escort were "stuck up" by bushrangers is told in his best style, and again and again, especially in the third volume, there are flashes of the spirit we enjoyed so much in "Robbery Under Arms." But the plot of the story is of the poorest. It is the old, old plot—in which the penniless young gentleman, after entangling himself with the farmer's daughter and falling in love with the squire's heiress (of course after saving her life), goes out to Australia to make his fortune at the diggings. There are the inevitable misunderstandings between the lovers, the usual villain, the compromising female acquaintance, the false charge of murder brought against the hero, the triumphant acquittal, and all the commonplace incidents with which, since the days of "Geoffrey Hamlyn," we have been only too familiar in Australian novels. The descriptions of the diggings are unusually long, and, alas! unusually laboured, so that at last the plot of the story becomes a narrow stream meandering through a marsh of wordy dissertations upon life in the gold-fields, the rights and wrongs of miners, and the trials of Government Commissioners and other officials. We deplore the fact, but it is useless to disguise it from our readers. "The Miner's Right" is one of those stories which, with many excellent points about them, still leave upon the reader's mind an impression of dulness and vagueness which is almost intolerable. We sincerely hope that in his next venture in the field of fiction Mr. Boldrewood will return to his earlier and his happier form.

Is the author of "The Rajah's Heir" to be another "one-book man?" We hope not, for in its way "The Rajah's Heir" is almost as good a story as was "Robbery under Arms." It tells us of the Indian Mutiny, and surely no English novelist would wish for a theme more intensely dramatic. It tells the story too with the lifelike attention to small details which bespeaks the author's knowledge of his subject, so that we are not surprised to learn that the writer was himself an eye-witness of that last great struggle of the Briton against the overpowering forces of a relentless enemy. But the descriptions of the great drama of the mutiny are never for a moment allowed to interfere with the course of the story. We never lose sight of our own particular actors in the little corner of India upon which our attention is concentrated. Indeed, the lurid background of the Mutiny is for the most part indicated rather than described at length, so that the reader's mind is not wearied by the necessity of devoting attention to all manner of extraneous personages and incidents.

"The Rajah's Heir" is a story of the romantic school. It opens (after a brief prologue) in a little villa on the banks of the Thames, where an English youth bearing the prosaic name of Tom Gregory is living with his widowed mother and availing himself of the opportunity of falling in love with Grace Elton, the daughter of an Indian officer, which is afforded him by the fact that the Eltons are his next-door neighbours. The little idyll on the banks of the Thames is suddenly disturbed by the discovery that the hero is the adopted heir of the Rajah of Gumilcund, a kind of Indian Haroun Alraschid, whose government of his little principality has been such as to make it a model for all Indian native States, and whose devotion to the English Raj is accounted for in part, no doubt, by the fact that he has English blood in his veins, but chiefly by the wisdom and goodness by which he himself is distinguished. Why Tom Gregory, the young Englishman, was chosen to be the rajah's heir is a secret which the reviewer must not disclose. There are certain passages in the story about hidden voices, spiritual parentage, and the like, which are brought in effectively enough, but which, we think, might have been omitted without weakening the tale in any particular. What is astonishing to everybody is the natural way in which Tom Gregory falls into his new position as an Indian rajah. He has just taken possession of his principality, when the great Mutiny breaks out, and henceforth he is engaged in playing the part of a veritable paladin, standing by the English raj as an Englishman should do; giving succour and a princely hospitality to those fugitives of our race who are fortunate enough to reach the gates of happy Gumilcund; and going forth in his own proper person to rescue one distressed lady who has fallen into the hands of the mutineers, and who is none other than the Grace Elton of his English days. The story of his adventures and sufferings whilst on this quest are told with admirable spirit and vigour, so that the reader can hardly lay down the book until he has satisfied himself as to the issue of the young rajah's desperate enterprise. Indeed, it is long since we have met with a story of adventure more powerful than this.

How it all ends our readers must learn for themselves. It is enough to say that if the author of "The Rajah's Heir" produces no other work of fiction, he has done enough in this volume to establish his claim to the gratitude of all who love a story natural in tone, cleverly conceived, and admirably executed.

## FIRST IMPRESSIONS.\*

RATHER late in the day "The Statesman's Year-Book for 1890" has put in an appearance. This is the twenty-seventh year of publication, and other signs of maturity are happily apparent in this familiar work of reference, besides its growing bulk. New type has this year been employed, and Mr. Keltie has spared no pains in the rearrangement as well as the revision of a book which now extends to upwards of eleven hundred pages. In almost every case, the information which is given concerning the nations of the world has been supplied by the officials of their statistical bureaux; whilst without exception the facts concerning our own colonies have been either written or revised on the spot. We are glad to find that more space is devoted than in any previous edition of the work to the colonial possessions of other countries—a subject about which the rank and file of politicians and journalists are not usually too well informed. The year-book is now divided into two parts; the first of which consists of Great Britain and Ireland, India, the Colonies, Protectorates and Dependencies of the Crown. This fills the first three hundred pages of the book, and then follow no less than eight hundred pages, in which under eighteen distinct headings a wide array of facts and statistics are given about other regions of the globe. An interesting feature, not found in former editions of the work, is the manner in which all unannexed territories in Africa of any importance are introduced. Those parts of the continent which are claimed by civilised nations are grouped under the European States of which they are dependencies. For instance, Abyssinia will be found under Italy; Sokoto and Nyassa-Land under the British Empire, and so forth. The same plan, and it greatly facilitates reference, is pursued in regard to other parts of the world. The important unannexed countries around British India, such as Afghanistan, Bhotan, Nepal, &c., are duly described in their proper connection, whilst the portions of Central Asia over which Russia claims supremacy have been added to the description of that Empire. Not the least valuable sections of the work are those which are filled with lists of official and non-official works of reference in regard to each country. Mr. Keltie may be congratulated on having distinctly improved a volume which is generally recognised as the best and most reliable international statistical year-book in existence.

A volume which ought to be found in every library of reference is the "Official Year-Book of the Scientific and Learned Societies of Great Britain and Ireland." Within the reasonable compass of two hundred and thirty pages the book chronicles in clear outline the work and discoveries of the year, and it also contains a great deal of explicit and authoritative information concerning societies in every part of the British Isles which are engaged in scientific research. Accurate lists of the papers read before, or published by, nearly every society of importance throughout the Kingdom during 1889 enhance the practical value of the work. It is thus possible to see at a glance what has been done in no less than fourteen departments of research during the last twelve months. The volume is therefore not merely a convenient handbook of reference, but a record of progress in science, and to some extent also in literature.

Mr. Haig Miller has written—out of the fulness of his own experience—a popular outline of banking, which he somewhat awkwardly calls "On the Bank's Threshold." A banker's clerk is apt to become a mere wheel in a vast machine, without any clear idea of the other parts of it, or of the principles that guide and govern the complex financial operations in which he takes a humble part. This volume is an attempt to explain the mysteries of finance, the currency question, and various points which concern the remittance of money, Government securities, bills of exchange, and other matters which need to be understood before anyone can claim to have even an elementary knowledge of banking. Mr. Miller does not pretend to have written a technical treatise on the subject; he has rather sought to stimulate the reader's interest in the general subject of banking, and those who study these unpretending pages will obtain a grasp of its outlines from beginning to end. Dry statistics are wisely shunned, and the information which is given is interspersed with lively anecdotes and literary allusions which give a pleasant flavour to the book. Banknotes sometimes find their way across the counter with curious confessions scribbled upon them; on one these words were found, "Gone at last, after keeping it for ten years," and on another,

\* THE STATESMAN'S YEAR-BOOK FOR 1890. Edited by J. Scott Keltie, Librarian to the Royal Geographical Society. Twenty-seventh annual publication. London: Macmillan & Co. Crown 8vo. (10s. 6d.)

YEAR-BOOK OF THE SCIENTIFIC AND LEARNED SOCIETIES OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND. Compiled from official sources. London: Charles Griffin & Co. Demy 8vo. (7s. 6d.)

ON THE BANK'S THRESHOLD; OR, THE YOUNG BANKER. By W. Haig Miller, author of "The Currency Maze," &c. London: S. W. Partridge & Co. Crown 8vo. (2s. 6d.)

THE COMPLETE PRESS DIRECTORY FOR 1890. London: Shelley & Co., 5, Leadenhall Street. Small 4to. (1s.)

ADVENTURES IN THE GREAT FOREST OF EQUATORIAL AFRICA AND THE COUNTRY OF THE DWARFS. By Paul du Chaillu, author of "The Viking Age," &c. Popular Edition. Maps and Illustrations. London: John Murray. Crown 8vo. (7s. 6d.)

ELEGIES AND MEMORIALS. By A. and L., Authors of "Hannibal: a Drama," &c. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 12mo. (3s. 6d.)

BALLADS OF THE BRAVE. Selected and Arranged by Frederick Langbridge, M.A. London: Methuen & Co. 1890.

THE PARIASH. By F. Anstey. Popular Edition. London: Smith, Elder & Co. Crown 8vo. (6s.)

"The last of a large fortune spent in drink." The volume is written in a genial matter-of-fact strain which recalls the works of Mr. Samuel Smiles.

The fourth annual edition of the "Complete Press Directory" has just appeared, and the book merits a word of praise as a concise and reliable work of reference. The compilers of the book claim to have given a full and impartial list of all newspapers and periodicals published in the British Isles, and so far as we can discover their claim is well founded. One of the most useful features in the volume is the summary of newspaper law cases for the year 1889. The arrangement of the contents of this directory is admirable, and it is therefore possible to find one's way with equal ease along this record of the highways and byways of the newspaper world.

The travels and adventures of Stanley and Emin Pasha have quickened public interest in all that concerns "Equatorial Africa and the Country of the Dwarfs," and this circumstance has led M. Paul du Chaillu to reprint in an abridged and popular form his celebrated book concerning the Dark Continent. M. du Chaillu, between the years 1855–65, traversed large portions of previously unknown territory, and during this period made many important geographical discoveries. He claims to have been the first white man who penetrated into that vast and unbroken forest in Central Africa of which Mr. Stanley will doubtless presently have more to tell us. In that strange and weird country M. du Chaillu travelled alone, making friends with the various tribes, studying their languages, and always, as he says with a touch of pardonable pride, "being passed on from one to another with friendly commendation." The book contains a map, and many illustrations, and also a chronological table of M. du Chaillu's bold and far-reaching wanderings twenty or thirty years ago in Central Africa. The author does not forget to tell us that no European traveller, so far as he is aware, has been able since his time to "penetrate to the haunts of the gorilla, and bring home specimens killed by himself."

Under the somewhat funereal title of "Elegies and Memorials," a little volume of verse has just reached us. The preface assures us that the book is "somewhat timidly presented to the world" chiefly for the sake of the first poem, called "Elegies"—an attempt to portray two brief lives, eclipsed by death many years ago. This is the most ambitious poem in the collection, but in our opinion it is surpassed in merit by "A Requiem," and the tender and pathetic poem called "In Memoriam." The tone of the book is, however, somewhat depressing, not to say lachrymose; yet in spite of a tendency to employ stilted and pedantic terms, there are some beautiful thoughts in the book, and they find for the most part musical expression.

In compiling "Ballads of the Brave," a poetry book for boys, Mr. Frederick Langbridge has been fairly successful. His selection ought to suit his boy readers; for those who dislike poetry, a good deal of Longfellow, Mrs. Hemans, and Scott is provided; and for those who like it, a little of Burns, Shakespeare, and Homer. But if the editor hopes "that the collection will be found not only acceptable as a play book, but also solidly useful as a class book of poetry," why does he print Mr. W. C. Bennett's modest "Continuation of Macaulay's Armada"—a continuation thrice the length of the original—and append no note to say that it is an example of the ridiculous following the sublime? It is true that Macaulay gains immensely by being printed side by side with Bennett, so perhaps it is only an instance of editorial cunning. And if the editor trusts that his volume will find a place among the Anthologies, why does he include poems by Tupper, G. R. Sims, and Mr. Frederick Langbridge?

That clever novel "The Pariah" has just been brought out in a popular edition. In some respects it is the best book which Mr. Anstey has yet written, and it is not at all surprising that so fresh and unconventional a story retains its hold on the public taste, even in these days, when most works of fiction rapidly slip into oblivion. The type of the new edition is rather trying, and it is almost a pity that Mr. Anstey did not render this unnecessary by charging himself with the heroic process of abridgment. Skilfully accomplished, the work would have gained rather than lost by such an act, for here and there the story, or rather the telling of it, unaccountably flags.

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# THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1890.

## NOTES OF THE DAY.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S speech at Oxford on Wednesday has directed the attention of the country to the real state of affairs in the House of Commons. Last week we pointed out the absurdity of the shouts of triumph which were raised in the Ministerial prints over the second reading of the Land Bill. We confess, however, that we hardly looked for so speedy a vindication of our accuracy as we have since obtained. MR. CHAMBERLAIN, on this matter speaking the sentiments of all sections of the Ministerial party, plainly states that the Bill is in danger, and that, as matters at present stand, it must either be dropped altogether, greatly curtailed and mutilated, or carried by a relentless and unconstitutional use of the closure. It is a pretty position in which Ministers have thus landed themselves and their objectionable Bill, and the contrast between their despair of to-day and their exultation of a week ago is exceedingly striking.

WHAT are the remedies contemplated by Ministers and their friends? MR. CHAMBERLAIN, who talks largely about general principles, consistency, and so forth, urges that this is a case in which the assistance of the leaders of the Opposition must be sought, so that the Bill may be passed by mutual arrangement between both parties. In other words, he hoists the flag of distress, and signals for assistance from the enemy. We do not wonder at the mingled disgust and indignation with which this suggestion has been received by many of his political associates. The *Standard* calls it "ignoble," and the *Times* is not less outspoken in its disapproval. But we need not over-trouble ourselves with the protests of the party prints. The significance of the proposal made by MR. CHAMBERLAIN is not lessened in any degree by the fact that his allies detest the humiliation in which they are involved by this open confession of a great failure. Indeed, we have only to observe what some of the Ministerial organs suggest as an alternative to MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S proposal, in order to see how low the proud have been brought.

THE *Standard* attributes the breakdown of the Government policy to the rancour of party spirit in the House of Commons—the rancorous party being of course that which does not happen to be of the same opinion as the *Standard*—and clings to LORD HARTINGTON as the one chance of salvation. This must be pleasant for the Tory chiefs. Once upon a time the Liberal Unionists were a good "crutch;" now, it seems, they have been converted into a life-raft, by means of which the sinking Ministry may even yet be saved. Some Ministers, however, appear to be of the same opinion as the *Standard*, if we may judge by the language of almost fulsome adulation towards LORD HARTINGTON used by MR. GOSCHEN when speaking in Lancashire on Wednesday night. The *Times* is not quite so fond of the Liberal Unionists as it was at one time, and looks for aid to another quarter. "MR. CHAMBERLAIN may be assured that the free use of the closure does not frighten anybody outside the House of Commons," it observes oracularly, thereby implying that if only MR. PEEL and MR.

COURTNEY can be induced to prostitute their office in the interests of the Tory party, the Bill may yet be saved. We need not ask what MR. PEEL and MR. COURTNEY would have to say to a proposal of this kind, if it were to be submitted to them; but it would be interesting to learn where the *Times* has ascertained the feeling of the public "outside the House of Commons," and on behalf of what infinitesimal fraction of the voters of the United Kingdom it is indulging in these brave words.

THERE was one passage in MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S speech at Oxford which, it is to be feared, will be received with applause rather than disapproval in the Liberal ranks. It was that in which he declared that he had abandoned the hope that his differences with his former friends and colleagues were only temporary, and that a complete union after the settlement of the Irish Question might be possible. We are in full agreement with MR. CHAMBERLAIN on this point, and are not at all sorry that he should at last have recognised the truth as to his own position. But, judging by recent incidents, it does not appear that MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S position among his new friends is altogether an agreeable one. His recent attempts to direct the policy of the Unionist party have been repelled, not only by MR. BALFOUR, but by LORD HARTINGTON; and the Press on his own side, as we have seen, will hardly discuss his proposals with common patience. In these circumstances the acrimony with which he rebuked what he described as the "coarse invective" of MR. ASQUITH and his friends is hardly to be wondered at.

MR. GOSCHEN at Rawtenstall on Wednesday night treated the landlords' opposition to the Land Purchase Bill as a mendacious invention of the Parnellite party (are MR. MACARTNEY, LORD HENRY BRUCE, and MR. FREDERICK GREENWOOD "put up by the Parnellites"?), paid a tribute to LORD HARTINGTON to which Liberals are not likely to object, lamented with some warmth the yellow fog of telegrams from the temperance party, and stated that the rumour that he had supported a dissolution imputed to him "the language of a lunatic." Perhaps. The Liberal party are quite ready to trace such an act to suicidal mania.

THE meeting of the Eighty Club which was held in Cambridge last Saturday seems to have resolved itself into a great demonstration on the part of the younger members of the Liberal party. The principal speaker was MR. ASQUITH, a young man who has succeeded in attaining a brilliant political position, entirely by the force of his own abilities, within an extraordinarily brief space of time. His speech, which was hailed with enthusiasm by those who heard it, though full of the buoyancy and vigour of youth, was also full of hope for those of us who naturally look with anxiety to the manifestations of opinion on the part of the younger generation. If MR. ASQUITH is to be accepted—as we believe he may—as the spokesman of that generation, there is no reason to fear that the Liberal party of the future will wander far from the lines by which it has been guided in the past. We hear so much of the dearth of "rising men" amongst us that it is a

pleasant relief to find proof of the fact that there are young politicians in abundance now pressing to the front who are worthy, alike by their abilities and their principles, to take the places of the men of the older generation whose day is drawing to a close.

ON Wednesday the Access to Mountains (Scotland) Bill stood on the orders of the House of Commons for second reading after a Bill relating to Charitable Trusts, which was expected to occupy only a couple of hours. The Conservatives, however, who, being the "sporting" party, object strongly to the presence of pedestrians, or artists, or geologists in any of the places which they consider dedicated to "sport," including much of the finest scenery in Scotland, talked with persistent prolixity about Charitable Trusts, until the hour of adjournment was reached. In any country but ours it would be thought absurd that a measure which excites great interest in Scotland, and has a decided majority of Scotch members in its favour, should be prevented by the arrangements of the House, and the opportunities for obstruction which those arrangements offer, from being ever debated during the seven sessions in which it has been brought in and actively pressed.

THE Government are already beginning to realise the nature of the difficulty in which they have involved themselves owing to MR. GOSCHEN'S blunder. The proposal to give the County Councils power to buy out licences, is not only practically ridiculous, but is of such a character that it has raised the opposition of the whole of the temperance party throughout the country. The debate on Thursday evening, when MR. GOSCHEN was compelled to withdraw the clause of the Budget Bill imposing a new spirit duty until after the discussion on the Licensing Bill, afforded a glimpse, but only a glimpse, of the dangers which lie ahead of Ministers if they attempt to persevere with their ill-starred scheme. Very curious indeed is their fate both with this plan and with the Irish Land scheme. In both cases they not only fly in the face of a sentiment most strongly upheld by a powerful body of their opponents, but they propose measures so faulty in themselves that none of their own friends can give them anything like a hearty support.

LONDON had its Labour Demonstration on Sunday last, and it passed off in a manner which redounds to the credit of the working classes of the metropolis, and of those who are associated with them in the present movement. We have described more fully on another page the salient features of a remarkable scene. The multitude which congregated in the Park on Sunday afternoon has been variously estimated at from 200,000 to 600,000. No doubt the true figure is somewhere near the former estimate. Unquestionably it was one of the largest crowds ever brought together on the occasion of a Hyde Park demonstration, and it was certainly one of the most orderly. Nothing, indeed, could have been better than the behaviour of the people both in the streets and in the Park; and, so far as their demeanour went, they fully justified their claim to the sympathy of the community at large. As for the speeches, they were distinguished by the absence of anything that could be described as violent or revolutionary, though, naturally enough, a certain amount of nonsense was talked by men whose feelings were stronger than their scientific knowledge. The resolution passed at the different platforms was in favour of the fixing of a working day of eight hours by legislative enactment.

THE report of the Sweating Commission, issued this week, furnishes melancholy reading. The Committee of the House of Lords which was engaged for so long a period last year in receiving evidence regarding the sweating system in different trades has a terrible story to tell, and, alas! has little to pro-

pose in the form of remedies for the evils of the existence of which it has received proof. The Committee does not even seem to have satisfied its own mind as to what sweating really is; yet it has obtained abundant evidence of the existence of a state of things in our labour market which is not only disgraceful to any civilised and Christian community, but dangerous to society at large. The movement in favour of social legislation cannot fail to receive a fresh impetus from this important and melancholy document.

THE Reichstag was opened on Tuesday at Berlin by the Emperor in person. The Emperor's speech dwelt upon the Labour Conference, and called upon the members to co-operate with the Government in bringing about an agreement among the legislative bodies of the Empire upon the proposed reform. Special mention was made of the questions of Sunday rest and the restriction of women's and children's labour, and there was a hint of legislation of a literally paternal character in the shape of a Bill, the object of which is to strengthen parental authority, in view of the increasing insubordination among youthful workmen. The usual pacific declarations were also made by the Imperial lips, but these were shown to be not incompatible with an increase of the armed forces of Germany. A Bill providing for the increase of the Army, especially the Field Artillery, was promised, and there is thus, for the moment at all events, an end to the hopes which have prevailed in some quarters that the Socialist policy of WILLIAM II. was but the prelude to a policy of disarmament. No direct reference was made in the speech to the late Chancellor, who continues from his retirement at Friedrichsruhe to emit, through the columns of his favoured newspapers, sundry low but distinct growls of discontent.

THE rout of the Boulangists in Paris was completed at the Municipal Second Ballots last Sunday, when it was shown that the new Council would contain only three followers of the Brave General. His own friends now appear to be deserting him, and this form of political quackery may fairly be regarded as extinct in France.

A CORRESPONDENT of the New York *Nation*, who is visiting the Amazon, notices that a remnant exists at Santarem of a colony of his countrymen, who emigrated thither from the Southern States after the termination of the War of Secession. Owing to the heavy import and export duties, and the general incapacity of the local authorities, the experiment was not a success, though sixty families of the immigrants and their descendants still remain in the neighbourhood. Since then, however, direct steam communication has been established between Brazil and the United States, and the Argentine Republic has set a good example in the way of encouraging foreign immigration; the efforts of Brazil in the same direction have not been entirely satisfactory. But the interest shown by certain New York papers in Brazilian affairs indicates where a new outlet may probably be found for the capital which, as we have recently been told, is tending to retire from Mexico in favour of the British investor.

LORD ROSEBURY'S speech on the work of the London County Council, the concluding portion of which has now been delivered, seems to have made a favourable impression even upon those who have hitherto been almost uniformly hostile to the Council itself. It has been painful to see the gross injustice with which the labours of that body have hitherto been criticised, and the persistency with which glaring misstatements have been made both as to the work and its costliness. In future it is to be hoped that we shall hear less of the stale calumnies, chiefly founded upon political prejudices, by which the Council has been assailed. At its



meeting this week it agreed, by a large majority, to LORD COMPTON's proposal to establish a municipal common lodging-house. This will no doubt be regarded in some quarters as "the thin end of the wedge," and doleful predictions will be uttered as to what must follow. It is in fact a very wise and sensible, and even beneficent, step on the part of the County Council, and marks the beginning, we trust, of a great extension of the sphere of corporate work in London.

MR. STANLEY and his brave companions have been the objects of a very sincere hero-worship during the past week. Yesterday week they made their first appearance before a popular audience at St. James's Hall, when STANLEY gave a sketch of their great journey, and paid special tributes to each of his European companions. On Monday a still larger, and if possible more enthusiastic assembly, comprising many notable persons, welcomed the travellers in the Albert Hall. The meeting was held under the auspices of the Royal Geographical Society, and, as was fitting, the illustrious explorer devoted himself to the geographical features of his expedition. We have commented upon his very interesting discoveries elsewhere, and have only to note here the extraordinary interest which the story of his journey seems to excite. The PRINCE and PRINCESS OF WALES were present at both of these gatherings, and on Tuesday MR. STANLEY went to Windsor, remaining for the night as the Queen's guest. For once a prophet has been honoured in his own country.

WHEN posts in the Civil Service generally were subjected to a system of competitive examination instead of being given by political favour, some few classes of appointments were left to patronage, and have since been bestowed upon the recommendation of members of the legislature or party wire-pullers. Among these are masterships of local post-offices, to which there is sometimes a good deal of value attached, because even though there should be little or no salary, they may bring custom to a shop. Many members of Parliament have come to see that this branch of political patronage gives far more trouble than it is worth; and when MR. SMITH, in answer to a question, said that he would be guided by the feelings of members, it was determined to ascertain their attitude. The memorial for the abolition of patronage has been so largely and influentially signed, that there is reason to hope its object will be attained. We should have liked to see MR. SUMMERS include in his demand those places in the Customs, such as the posts of Messenger and Boatman, which are still awarded on the requests of members. A member has no means of judging, even if he had the wish or the leisure to attempt to judge, of the fitness of candidates; he is apt to send in the names of the most importunate, and he makes at least as many enemies as friends out of this relic of what was once a valued privilege.

WE are glad to see that to the many leagues already in existence for the promotion of various public objects by the co-operation of individuals, an anti-gambling league is now about to be added. All magistrates and large employers of labour are painfully familiar with the fact that the gambling propensities of large classes of the community have been gratified of late years to a most demoralising extent. The betting system which has so long been the curse of our race-courses is now extended to almost every form of sport, so that even a meeting of athletic amateurs is disfigured by the presence of the bookmaker and his attendant mob of dupes. The numerous raids on so-called clubs in London which have recently been made by the police have brought to light another form of this national vice, and it is evident that in the interests of the community at large some steps must be taken to deal

with it. We do not dispute the assertion that men cannot be made moral by Acts of Parliament, but at all events Acts of Parliament, if properly devised, can make the practice of certain vices very difficult, if not well-nigh impossible, and it is clearly the duty of the Legislature to throw every obstacle which it can in the way of the further development of gambling in this country. The betting newspapers, and the daily newspapers which publish the letters of tipsters and betting intelligence, are clearly within the reach of our law-makers if they care to deal with them, and we do not know that any social reform now proposed would be more useful than an Act which should restrain the Press from becoming the agent and accomplice of the professional betting-man and gambler.

AMONG the disasters of the past week one is particularly horrible—the burning of a large lunatic asylum near Montreal. A very large number of the inmates were burnt to death, though happily the greater proportion of the thirteen hundred persons which the asylum contained were rescued. It does not appear that the loss of life was due to any mismanagement, any forgetfulness to open locked doors after the fire broke out; and the relatives of the victims are therefore spared one pang of special horror. The poor creatures were apparently too terrified in many cases to move when the flames burst upon them, and they remained to meet their doom in a state of something like paralysis.

THE Directors of the Bank of England made no change this week in their rate of discount. The outflow of coin to Scotland and the English provinces, the demand for gold for the Continent, the announcement that there is to be a new Argentine loan for four millions sterling for the purpose of obtaining gold, and the fear that a large amount of the metal will be sent to Paris by-and-bye, have all tended to discourage the discount houses and billbrokers from competing so keenly as they had been doing for bills. Yet the rate of discount in the open market has not risen above 2 per cent.—indeed, has been scarcely so high. Short loans have been in good demand, as the billbrokers and discount houses had to repay large amounts to the Bank of England, and as colonial and Indian loans were offered for subscription.

THERE has been a pause this week in the somewhat wild speculation in American railroad securities. Indeed, on Wednesday an erroneous report that the Silver Bill would not be introduced into Congress for three weeks alarmed operators, and induced them to sell upon a large scale. The decline that followed, however, was not very serious, averaging only about a dollar. Apparently the leading operators in New York are convinced that the Silver Bill will be passed, and will lead to a speculation on a larger scale than has been seen for a considerable time past. Therefore, New York capitalists are ready to buy all the securities that European holders sell. On the other hand, there has been a good deal of activity in international securities, chiefly due to the belief that gold will be exported from the United States in such amounts that prices must be raised. The assent of the French Government to the Egyptian Conversion has also had an influence upon speculators, as has had likewise the withdrawal of the Sultan's opposition to the Turkish Conversion. In other departments of the Stock Exchange there has not been very much doing, and in the latter part of the week British railway stocks have rather declined, as there was a further fall in pig-iron, which is now cheaper than it has been at any time this year; and the railway traffic returns, though they show increases over the corresponding period of last year, are still not quite satisfactory; for it is certain that the higher prices and wages will add largely to the working expenses—more, apparently, than the gain in gross receipts.

## MR. GOSCHEN'S BLUNDER.

"WHEN I have gone to the House of Commons lately," said Mr. Goschen on Wednesday, "I have been buried in a vast avalanche of letters, and I have had to fight my way through a yellow fog of telegrams. Every temperance association in the country has been bombarding me and my colleagues." "Serve you right," cried a voice from the crowd, and the voice in the crowd nowhere finds a fuller echo than in the House of Commons. Mr. Goschen's own friends are getting their full share of the avalanche and the yellow fog, and they are doubtless asking themselves with imprecations deep if not loud, by what curious perversity the Chancellor of the Exchequer has once more dragged them into the mess from which they extricated themselves with difficulty enough two years ago. One would have supposed that the lesson which the constituencies taught Ministers then could not possibly have been so speedily forgotten, and it is almost incredible that Mr. Goschen should in mere gaiety of heart have gone out of his way again to exasperate the most powerful moral sentiment of the time, and the most powerful and far-reaching of organisations. People may laugh at resolutions, letters, and telegrams from political caucuses, if they be so minded; but the anger of the temperance party is no joke. No wonder if the Tories are growling at Mr. Goschen's infatuation in deliberately knocking their heads against the very same stone wall which was nearly the death of them when they tested its terrible hardness in 1888.

It is evident from Mr. Goschen's speech that he does not choose to see the true point of the contention with which he has to deal. He declares how anxious he is that the position of the Government as to the publican's licence should be thoroughly understood; but of course he must know in his heart that the temperance party understand his position quite thoroughly as it is. "What we do is to give to the County Councils the power to diminish the number of licences by purchasing the goodwill of the house. We are creating no new rights; more than that, we have a clause in our Bill that no proceedings under that Bill should create any greater interest in any public-house, or should increase its value as compared with its value before it has passed. We have taken care that no action of ours should, so to speak, increase against the public the value of the public-house. We do desire that no fanaticism, no sticking for any particular point, no theoretical objection should impair us in our determined resolution to attempt to diminish the number of licensed houses." All this is well enough, but then it is exactly the sort of fair talk with which the licensing clauses of the Bill of 1888 were garnished. There is not a word of it which was not just as good for these clauses as it is for the new Bill, and yet the Government would inevitably have been wrecked if it had persevered in them.

"We give the County Councils the power of diminishing licences." What is the use of that, if the power can only be exercised on impracticable terms? "We are creating no new rights." To declare that the County Council is to pay for the closing of a public-house the difference between the value of the house with a licence, and its value without a licence, is undoubtedly to recognise for the first time by law a vested interest in the privilege which creates this difference between the two values. The best legal opinion is that a licence annually renewable or annually terminable confers no claim beyond the year for which it is granted. The lawyers affirm this, and the common-sense of the lay public has brought the majority round to the same opinion, and neither Mr. Goschen nor anybody else will be able to shake it. The proposal of the Government, therefore, does emphatically bring into existence a new right, and a right which reduces Mr. Goschen's desire to give the County Councils the power of lessening the number of public-houses to mere moonshine.

Mr. Goschen is very indignant that the Government

should be tarred with the fatal brush of compensation. But Mr. Ritchie, speaking the same day, said that though the Bill was not a licensing Bill, "the principle of compensation was one on which he felt bound to insist." That is just the principle which the Government were forced by sheer stress of public feeling and public opinion to back out of when they tried it on before. If compensation be really a principle, if the holder of an annual licence have a real claim to compensation for its withdrawal (on other grounds than misconduct or the like), why is his claim not as good against the justices as against the future licensing committees of County Councils? Mr. Goschen assures us that "if the justices, acting judicially, consider that they ought not to renew a licence, they will retain the same discretion which they have exercised hitherto, and there will be no compensation whatever for the suppression of such a licence." Mr. Ritchie, too, is most anxious to have it understood that "the Government does not want to interfere with the present power of the justices to refuse the renewal of licences without compensation, and they would take care to insert words expressly reserving that power in the Bill." Then what becomes of compensation as a principle? The holder of a licence has either a right to its renewal, and to compensation for the withdrawal of it, or he has no such right. If he has, why should justices be empowered to deprive him of it without compensation? If he has not, why should County Councils be compelled to pay compensation as a condition precedent to the extinction of his licence?

It may or it may not be likely that popular elective bodies will demand a considerable reduction in the number of public-houses, but it is certain that their demand will be checked by the necessity of providing large sums out of rates to pay the publicans for the withdrawal of the licence. Nobody is more alive to this than the publican himself. If he can secure a recognition by Parliament of the principles of compensation, he will be as easy and as comfortable in mind as an Olympian god. Then he will not quail before even that terrible engine, the direct popular veto. Lord Randolph has put the direct veto into his Bill. If three-fourths of the ratepayers in a given area demand the suppression of public-houses within their borders, suppressed they will be. What did the publicans say on that matter to Lord Randolph one day this week? That they were willing that the decision of three-fourths should prevail, "always providing that the publican deprived of his licence should be compensated." They are well aware that the proviso will be a most effectual hindrance to the exercise of their power by the three-fourths, and this is exactly what the temperance party understand quite as thoroughly as even the Chancellor of the Exchequer could desire. It may be that public opinion may eventually come to the point of sanctioning what has been called a compassionate allowance to the actual publican whom the extinction of a licence may deprive of his means of subsistence. But the brewer-owner is in a very different position from the publican-occupier; the brewer-owner has no legal claim, and he has no moral claim, and the Government will inevitably be taught a second time that, in spite of their majority, they will be unable to force the brewer-owner and his pretensions upon Parliament. The measure can do no good, in spite of Mr. Goschen's assumed fervour for diminishing the number of public-houses, because the sum at the disposal of the County Councils for the purpose is ludicrously inadequate. Besides the negative demerit of doing no good, it does immense positive mischief by placing on the Statute-book the recognition of a false principle which has never for a moment been sanctioned in our Colonies or the United States, and which was emphatically repudiated by public opinion here two years since.

Meanwhile, the introduction of such a proposal only adds to the density of the block of public business which is supposed to be positively unprecedented in parliamentary history, and for which it is entirely idle, as well as grossly hypocritical, to endeavour to make the Opposition responsible



## SCOTTISH DISESTABLISHMENT AND PROGRESS.

THE Scottish Church question burst like a river on

Friday week out of the shallows and miseries of the Hartington period. The Lord Advocate was too hard on those ten years when he spoke of their "balanced ambiguity and studied equivocation." What both Lord Hartington and Mr. Gladstone rather exercised were the leader-like virtues of economy and reserve. In 1877 they put their question, and ever since they waited for an answer instead of giving it. The course had one good result. All Scotland knew from 1877 that the questions of the Church and Disestablishment were tabled. And during all those years every conceivable answer has been discussed, every possible and impossible solution has been thrashed out. And it was done, not—as Mr. Robertson put it—"behind the back" of the Scottish people, but under the eager eyes of that great cloud of witnesses and assessors. The result is that in Scotland no human being known to us wants any "reform" of the Church of Scotland except the one reform of Disestablishment. All other things have been tabled and tried. First came the abolition of patronage. It was all right; but it was of that measure that Lord Hartington at once said that "it was a long step to Disestablishment;" and, indeed, it was with reference to that very measure that he pledged the Liberal party to take the final step now arrived at, whenever it should be asked for. Then came Mr. Finlay's foolish Bill, supported by the Established Church. It gave that Church what no one supposed it had ever lost—administrative freedom. It failed to give it what alone, in the view of Scotland, it needs—freedom from Parliament as a Church legislature. Then came negotiations for union, and after burdening a dozen private Round Tables, offers of conference were exchanged by the General Assemblies. But on the side of the Church Established they were deliberately illusory.

The Free Church had offered an open conference, to discuss union, whether in establishment or outside it. The Established Church responded by making establishment a condition of the conference—by stipulating, that is, that the one party to the meeting should before entering upon it renounce what it had so often declared to be the best solution of the question to be discussed. And the reason for avoiding conference was too plain. "I have always held," said the Duke of Argyll, in 1874, "that there is no hope whatever of the re-union of the Free and Established Churches except on the ground of disestablishment." Lastly, "A Parish Minister" in the *Scots Magazine* this winter acknowledged that there must be Disestablishment—but why disendowment? "Let us keep the endowments by dividing them with the other Presbyterian churches." But that bribe also was promptly nailed to the counter; the Presbyterians refused to be unjust to those outside of them; and it does not appear that there is any other solution in Scotland which it is possible even to discuss. In truth, Scotland has for some time been pressing behind the door which Mr. Gladstone flung wide open last week. The Scottish working men have distinctly adopted the idea of complete religious equality, and they refuse to listen to any compromise of it. Then, on the opposite side from the big towns, the Highlands and the Crofters have become Radical, and have slipped away from behind those Free Kirk ministers who looked forward to re-establishment. And the latter have responded—so much so that in recent "General Assemblies" more than the half of the Highland representatives have recorded their vote with the mass of their brethren for pure Disestablishment. And now a new morning is breaking upon the whole North. English politicians will do wisely, with a view to questions to come before themselves, to watch with sympathetic interest the sharp and short struggle by which Scottish Liberals are about to carry out their equitable Home Rule in matters ecclesiastical.

And Churchmen in Council, of every type of Churchism,

will find it worth while to do the same. Men trembling for the ark in the hands of the Bishop of Lincoln, or doubtful as to their own complicity in Australian divorce, will understand the absolute refusal of Scottish Presbyterians to look at Establishment. They refuse to look at it, because in 1843 its first condition was declared to be submission in Church matters to Parliament and its statutes. And they will not have that, because they are themselves democratic Churches, ruled by laymen, and each with a legislature and statutes of its own. Now at the present moment this is no mere theory. This month these Church bodies meet in Edinburgh, in Synod or Assembly, to do the legislation which they decline to transfer to Mr. Bradlaugh and his Westminster colleagues. And what are to be the chief subjects this year in Scotland? They are precisely the questions which "Lux Mundi" has brought to the surface with our English Churchmen. For years past in Scotland these have been discussed. A decade has nearly gone since they resulted in the loss to the Free Church of one eminent scholar, Professor Robertson Smith, though it at the same time took a step in advance by declining to condemn his views. But the rights of criticism in these strongly Protestant Churches were even then nominally acknowledged, and ever since have been coming up for readjustment. This year they come up in the Free Church in the persons of two distinguished writers, Dr. Bruce of Glasgow, and Dr. Marcus Dods of Edinburgh. For such men, teaching in central posts, their orthodox Church feels the same restless responsibility which the clerisy of England would feel for the utterances of a bishop—if it had the power of appointing him. But theirs is always a double responsibility, for the advance of theological thought as well as for its stability. And this year once more their ecclesiastical Parliament will be publicly adjusting the double claim. Strange to say, the other Presbyterian body, the United Presbyterian Church, has had before it the same question a fortnight earlier, and in this case also with regard to its college. But in their case the complaint rather is that their college is not so advanced as they would have it!

Now these things would be less worthy the study of men in a historical Church if they had not a certain world-wide aspect also, and a bearing on the question of creed. But the power of making and modifying creed-utterances is the one which Presbyterians guard most jealously from the State. And at present it is in active exercise. The very day before Mr. Gladstone poured out that stream of luminous exposition at Westminster, the English Presbyterian Church—there is such a body, though it effaces itself too much among Non-conformists—unanimously replaced the Westminster Confession of the Jerusalem Chamber by a modern and shorter utterance. The Free Church has for the last twelvemonth had a large Creed Revision Committee sitting, and it is likely to sit for years to come. The United Presbyterian Church led the way some years ago. The great mass of Presbyterians in America are more conservative than their brethren here, but they too are based on Protestantism and private judgment, and must move constitutionally. And this year a large majority of their representatives all over the Continent have resolved that the English creed they brought with them from the days of the Commonwealth—modified at their Revolution only so far as to set the Church free from the State—must now be still farther remodelled or revised.

When the next Pan-Presbyterian Council gathers its delegates from all the young empires of the English world, it will find a new sap stirring in every branch of that rough-rinded but robust and multitudinous tree. But for those who believe with Renan, that the great problem of the future lies in working out "association within the State, but independent of the State," this problem in Scotland will have a peculiar interest. And one thing is plain, even at its threshold. Nothing could be more insane than inviting Parliament to intervene in it, no idea more hopeless than the expectation that Scottish Liberals will ever do so. The only thing that

Parliament can do is to give equal justice across the Tweed, and it can only do this by Disestablishment. But Disestablishment in Scotland now, as compared with the agony of 1843, will be a luxurious euthanasia to the Presbyterians within. And the moment they pass through that gate they—for they, too, are strong Liberals—will find the other side touched with the same light of the future which at present smites so strangely the peaks of Presbyterianism throughout the world, as with rays from an unrisen sun.

### THE YOUNGEST GUEST OF THE EIGHTY CLUB.

MR. ASQUITH'S address to the Eighty Club last Saturday evening has been so inadequately reported in the London Press that no one who had not the advantage of hearing it can form any idea of its real character and merit. Such references to it as have appeared in the shape of comment overrate in our opinion the importance of the speech and underrate the position of the speaker. The occasion was an exceedingly interesting one, and Mr. Asquith is to be congratulated upon the opportunity of "rolling out his mind," like Bishop Blougram, to a more sympathetic audience than Mr. Gigadibs. The Eighty Club, as everybody knows, is a society of political missionaries who spread the light of Liberalism throughout Great Britain. But while its individual members are migratory and peripatetic, the headquarters of the club are in London, and there it has always collectively dined from the days of its formation till now. Last Saturday for the first time the club as a body moved out of town, and visited Cambridge at the invitation of the Liberal Club which flourishes in that ancient University. It is a curious fact that the number of resident graduates at Cambridge who profess Liberal principles is scarcely more than a third of those who uphold the same faith at Oxford. Few even of this select company came to the "Lion" on Saturday. But the attendance of undergraduates was large, and their youthful enthusiasm, contagious in its ardour, might have tempted a less sober orator into a digression, or at least a parenthesis. Mr. Asquith, always unemotional and self-restrained, stuck to his brief, said exactly what he meant to say, started with his meditated exordium, ended with his prepared peroration, paid a tribute to the genius of the place by quoting three words of Latin, and resumed his seat in a storm of applause. At Westminster Mr. Asquith seems young. At Cambridge he seemed old. He is no older than he always was, and no younger than he always will be. He was admirably fitted for the task which he wisely set himself, and which he ably performed. It is a good thing for very young men, whose predilections are likely to be founded at least as much on prejudice as on reason, to hear the language of political sobriety from one whom they respect and who talks with knowledge. Sentiment is a very good thing in its way. It helps to separate man from beast, and to sneer at it is the mark of a fool. But in this Irish Question, when the aspirations of a people are pitted against the dogmatism of a pedant, there is sentiment enough and to spare. What we want, and what we are drawing to our side more and more every day, is the hard, dry, common sense which has no illusions, but looks at things as they are. If there were no facts, Mr. Balfour might be a great statesman. If two and two made five, his Land Purchase Bill might be a model of financial ingenuity. But neither facts nor figures will budge, even in deference to the amiable delusions of people who feed upon phrases, or who convince themselves that once in a way the rules of arithmetic will be suspended.

Mr. Asquith's speech has been absurdly represented by sensational journalists as the revelation of a new Radicalism,

and a disavowal of old leaders. Nothing could be more preposterously unlike the truth than this clumsy caricature. There was a conventional reference, not in Mr. Asquith's best manner, to the presence of the Liberal whip, and to "kicking over the traces." But, so far from saying anything new, Mr. Asquith said little or nothing which he had not himself said on previous occasions. He is a loyal member of his party, who never votes in the wrong lobby, and the only Liberals at all likely to be shocked by his Cambridge speech are those who believe that the integrity of the Empire depends upon keeping the Irish members at St. Stephen's. The speech itself has been over-praised, and that in a way which is no compliment to Mr. Asquith. It is not surprising that he should have spoken so well. It would have been more surprising if he had not. For in sober truth the speech might have been made by any man with a clear head, a command of language, the habit of addressing public audiences, a thorough acquaintance with current politics, and a quotable knowledge of English literature. That may be thought a formidable assemblage of qualifications, and indeed the result was remarkably brilliant. As an oratorical effort, this much-praised performance, good as it was, is not to be compared with Mr. Asquith's maiden speech in the House of Commons three years ago, pronounced by competent judges to be the best within living memory. Some said that that speech was faultless, except that it smelt too much of the lamp, which was no very serious defect in a first Parliamentary effort. Since that time Mr. Asquith, as Mr. Arnold Morley hinted on Saturday night, has spoken too seldom in the House of Commons. But his reputation is extraordinarily high, and should have protected him against the ungainly crudeness of some of the compliments to which he has been exposed.

Mr. Asquith belongs to a very valuable class of public men, from whom the Liberal party has much to expect in the future. Mr. Haldane, Mr. Birrell, and Mr. Knox are perhaps the most conspicuous, though by no means the only other examples of the type to which we refer. They are all men of great natural capacity and of the highest intellectual cultivation, who think out political problems for themselves; but who, having deliberately chosen their side, do not embarrass their friends and strengthen their enemies by a perverse insistence upon minor points. The late Lord Derby used to say that an independent member meant a member who could not be depended on. That is by no means the case with the best school of younger Liberals. They will not vote blindly. They require a reason, but they are not perverse. They are not the slaves of catchwords, but they do not start catchwords of their own. Mr. Asquith argued at Cambridge, as other Liberals have argued elsewhere, that the retention of the Irish members involved some kind of Home Rule for Scotland and for Wales. The logic is unimpeachable. But the real question is, what Scotchmen and Welshmen want. We know what the Irish mean by Home Rule. It is an Irish Parliament, with a responsible Irish Executive. No evidence has been produced to show that in Wales or in Scotland a similar arrangement is desired. The Scottish Home Rule Society is not a body possessed of any influence, authority, or weight. Welsh solicitors have a good deal more to do than the Welsh people with the cry for Welsh Home Rule. The fact that a concession, wise or unwise, has made it theoretically possible to urge a particular demand, does not prove such a demand to be popular or widespread. "One thing at a time" is a good motto in politics, and especially appropriate to the present situation. But if Mr. Asquith refined rather too much upon this point, he was exceedingly vigorous and emphatic in his protest against that bastard Imperialism which conveys the ideas of Lord Beaconsfield in the jargon of the street preacher. His frank and wholesome utterance of sound and sober sense is peculiarly refreshing, because it comes from a man who is sure in no long time to occupy one of the highest political posts in the country.



## EGYPT AND ENGLAND.

NOTHING in English politics is stranger than the way in which the public attention alternately fastens upon and deserts certain subjects, sometimes with little regard to their real importance. Not merely in the exciting years from 1882 to 1885, but also in 1886 and 1887, Egypt was constantly turning up in Parliamentary debates. The Radicals, in particular, went on pressing during 1887 for assurances that British troops would be speedily withdrawn, and the Government, by continuing Sir H. D. Wolff's absurd mission, countenanced the idea that they were meditating some arrangement with the Sultan which would alter our position and facilitate withdrawal. Now, however, the subject is very seldom mentioned in the House of Commons, and never in the House of Lords, which seems to have wholly abnegated its functions of criticism in foreign policy. People seem to have forgotten that our army is still in Egypt; that we are virtually governing Egypt, and that our presence in Egypt is a constant irritation to France, and a ground for disposing France to do us an ill turn wherever and whenever she can. We cannot, therefore, expect that Sir Evelyn Baring's recently published report will excite much interest or comment. Nevertheless it is an important document, and would be very satisfactory for its account of the present, if it did not sound an under-note of alarm for the future.

We will take these two features in turn. The financial results which are set forth briefly in Sir E. Baring's despatch, more fully by Mr. Gorst in the well-written Report appended, are encouraging. They show a surplus of £200,000, and promise a not much inferior surplus for the coming year, although considerable remissions in taxation are being made. The prices of agricultural produce are low, and the bad Nile of 1888 left some distress behind it, and the war expenditure was unusually high, owing to the invasion of the dervishes, so that the establishment of an equilibrium in 1889 is all the more remarkable. It is no doubt chiefly due to the better utilisation of the natural resources of the country which British administration has brought about, and not least to the great improvements in the irrigation of Lower Egypt, which the skill and zeal of Sir Colin Moncrieff has succeeded in effecting. The margin is narrow enough, not sufficient to stand the strain of a very bad harvest, but that there should be a margin at all is surprising to those who remember the condition of Egyptian finance at the time of the Conference five years ago, when the bondholders were forced to submit to a temporary abatement. The margin will be sensibly increased if the scheme of conversion which France has so long resisted can be carried out. Since Sir E. Baring's despatch was published, it has been announced that the French Government is more favourably disposed, and accepts conversion "in principle," though fettering it by inconvenient conditions, such as that of forbidding any further conversion for fifteen years to come. The odium of keeping up the *corvée*, which the conversion scheme makes it possible finally and completely to abolish, seems to have been too much for France, and she yields at last, albeit rather ungraciously. The improved revenue of the country has contributed to this result, for it delivers Egypt and ourselves from the necessity of making a fresh appeal to the Powers, and thereby allowing France to drag us into a new Conference. So far, then, there is a distinct rise in the political as well as the financial barometer. Nor can anyone who visits Egypt doubt that the Administration has been in many points reformed. The native courts are indeed far enough from being pure, but corruption is less flagrant. Prison management and the whole system of criminal justice have made great advances. The cultivator has no longer to fear either the exactions of a tax-collector, compelling by the stick the payment of more than the legal demand, or the oppressions of a powerful neighbour getting more than his fair share of that supply of Nile water which is the first necessity of agriculture. Everywhere the beneficent

effects of an upright European oversight of the machinery of government are discernible.

That Egypt has gained by the occupation is undeniable. But has England gained? Sir E. Baring declares that—

"The condition [of progress in the direction of fiscal relief and material development] which is absolutely necessary is that the political situation in Egypt should undergo no radical change—in other words, that a British army should continue to occupy the country, and that the influence of the British Government, which depends largely on the presence of the army of occupation, should continue paramount."

These words appear to contemplate an occupation of long and indefinite duration. England is deeply pledged to withdraw her troops as soon as she can do so safely—i.e., without a probability of anarchy following the withdrawal. But it looks as if our representative in Egypt thought that this moment was no nearer than seven years ago, when those pledges were given—as if, in fact, it could hardly be said to be approaching. This is a grave prospect. Whether we have any interest in Egypt sufficient to counterbalance the disadvantages of locking up a force there, and of keeping the secular jealousy of France in a peculiarly irritable state, is extremely doubtful. The view gains ground yearly among us that our only interests abroad are those directly connected with India and the Colonies; and the Liberal party, at least, has practically renounced the doctrine that the control of Egypt is essential to our communications with India. When the Government have been questioned regarding their intentions, they have answered that we were training Egypt by good administration to stand alone, and would gladly depart so soon as that task was complete. The longer, however, that we labour at it, the longer does it seem to become. Whether the Egyptian army could resist the attack of a large force of Soudanese dervishes, even under the leading of English officers, is not certain. Without that leading it would probably be overcome; and who can say how long English officers would remain if the English army was withdrawn, and a free field left for foreign intrigue? Just as little would the civil branches of the Administration retain their present efficiency, and a falling-off of the revenue would entail either a failure to pay the debt, leading to a new foreign intervention, or pressure upon the people, out of which disorders might spring.

Here we are brought back to the capital evil in the state of Egypt, the monstrous proportion of a debt held almost entirely abroad, and for which there is little in the way of material improvement to show. No less than 53 per cent. of the whole revenue, amounting to five and a half millions sterling, goes to interest on debt and the tribute to the Turk; and our reform of the Administration, if it has benefited the people, has still more markedly benefited bondholders by enormously raising the value of their securities. Those who bought cheap, because the security was bad, have now, thanks to British intervention, found themselves in possession of a vast "unearned increment," and will continue more energetically than ever to influence the policy of France in favour of their own pecuniary interests. The situation is a disagreeable one for England, which gets not even thanks from those who profit by her action. But apparently it must be endured, for no present prospect of escape appears.

## THE SOCIALISM OF NON-SOCIALISTS.

"WE must assimilate Socialism; if 'Liberal' is not to become a mere shibboleth, a term as meaningless as 'Democrat' or 'Republican' in American party politics, we must take from Socialism what is good and reject what is bad or doubtful." We quote no one; we express, nevertheless, the thoughts of many Liberals, unable to escape the influence of the atmosphere which we all breathe, alive to the

presence of new duties, perplexed as to their performance. Who shall instruct us as to the process of assimilation? Mr. Mill might have given us a study of the problem, in which he would have arrived at a solution acceptable for a time, at least, to most thinking men. The late Mr. Bagehot might have helped us with some of his piercing sentences, which, if they did not reach the heart of the subject, never failed to come near it. In France and Germany a whole literature professing to answer this question has grown up. But no thinker of eminence has adequately treated it with reference to the position of English Liberals—each one must find the answer for himself.

Unfortunate in this time of transition is the plight of many Liberals, obliged to adapt themselves to new practices, while retaining, at all events nominally, old principles. We see signs of perplexity on their part, accompanied sometimes by a little venial hypocrisy. They will vote for free education. They will support bills for making contracts for rent subject to revision on equitable grounds, for compulsorily redeeming leaseholds, or for establishing an eight hours' working day. They justify these measures not by saying "Our old principles were imperfect; we must readjust them," but by violently straining them, so as to cover cases really outside them. Thus they defend free education on the ground, altogether questionable and far-fetched, that it will reduce the expenditure on prisons. They have in fact profoundly modified their principles of action; but they cling to their old language. We are not speaking of the ignoble order of politicians, the parasites of the hour, who vary their creed according to the contents of the postbag, and find in the letters of their constituents the chief spring of their actions. The only interest can be in those honest and perplexed men who profess to remain where they were, whose feelings have been deeply affected, and who are assimilating Socialism with amazing rapidity.

And what is Socialism in its essence? Is it not democracy at work, democracy harvesting the fruits of its victories, not content with the mere paper money of abstract recognitions of supremacy, bent upon turning its power into hard cash—things useful, solid, and good to enjoy: into short hours, high wages, and light taxes? Is not Socialism the modern movement corresponding to that which in the past gave the chief power in the State to the *Tiers État*, an attempt to confer upon the poor and the multitude the advantages which the *bourgeoisie* has in every country wrested from the Crown and nobles? These are elements to be noted; they do not complete the analysis. Those who speak of Socialism as a mere mutiny, the crew of the ship of State in revolt and perpetrating upon their officers the worst injustice ever practised upon them, look at only one set of facts. Socialism is, indeed, democracy at work, but at work under peculiarly favouring circumstances, the analysis of which is half the problem. What in the literature and art of our time is the special note? What is the new savour in poems and novels coming straight out of modern life? What speaks to us from pictures, the true products of our time, such as the "Angelus" of Millet? Wherein lies the peculiar quality of the heroism—in no age more abundant—of these days? Not solely pity or solicitude for the lot of the poor; the feeling is too indefinite to be embraced in one word. But everywhere is a groping after better things for the sons of men, a profound dissatisfaction with the existing distribution of wealth—by none more keenly felt than by some of its possessors—a keen sense of the inequalities of lot which our civilisation presents. This feeling is fed by the religion of our time. Nowhere, indeed, is it expressed more clearly than in the literature of faith—except perhaps in the literature of doubt; it would almost seem as if those whose assurance in the future were lost or shaken, desired all the more to make the earth, the only thing certain, better for its dwellers. What is there to resist aggressive Socialism? The Liberal of forty years ago knew

the exact functions of the State. He could define them. The Liberal of to-day cannot. The former could tell the limits of law; we, to our misfortune, cannot. Political Economy then spoke decisively about the duty of *laissez faire*; now its voice is silent or ambiguous. These things are the opportunities of Socialism; these fostering circumstances explain its triumphant advance. And yet, while Socialism is everywhere, no system of it is erect. Each new scheme is ephemeral. How many have we seen since 1848? What a *hortus siccus* of theories, many of them become almost unintelligible, is the account of systems of Socialisms in Schönberg's well-known work. Their authors seem like men telling their dreams of the night, forgotten almost as soon as told. The system expounded by Marx in "Das Capital" is now in most esteem. But is it more coherent or better thought out than Fourierism? Do not his disciples begin to admit that, unanswerable in its destructive criticisms, the book is weak in its constructive parts? Across literature begin to flow currents opposed to Socialism and Democracy. Renan and Taine teach a political philosophy at variance with them. Nietzsche's writings advocate a form of aristocracy based on moral, intellectual, and physical excellence. We have anarchists, especially in countries where the State has been mischievously meddling; and there is a ready response to the Individualism of Ibsen. Experienced philanthropists, such as Miss Octavia Hill, deprecate the weakening of the sense of private responsibility by the interference of the State. What will be the outcome of these movements we know not; not even those arch-charlatans of politics, the specialists in physical science, dogmatising about them in amateur fashion, would venture to predict. But for the present Socialism is in the ascendant, and we Liberals must, at least to some extent, assimilate it, for it is not merely the assertion of new rights, but the dim recognition of new duties.

How is this to be done? There can be no certain answer. In most walks of knowledge we have long agreed to distrust ambitious formulae, to make our theories provisional, to take short views of things, to proceed experimentally. Must we not, if we are wise, do so in regard to politics? Must we not distrust theories which, irrespective of ethical changes, dogmatically limit in all circumstances the province of the State? Does not true wisdom consist in patiently endeavouring by honest experiments to ascertain what can be done by various forms of State interference? There is no short cut to knowledge or certainty on the subject: to what extent Socialism may be assimilated without producing mischievous effects counterbalancing any possible good, can be determined only by actual trial.

But already, if we are not greatly mistaken, certain principles begin to emerge from the controversy—principles which may safely shape the Socialism of non-Socialists. Let us try to put in rough form a few of them. The list is not exhaustive; we merely put down a few hints for others to elaborate.

In the first place, many matters, hitherto treated as belonging to private law, regarded as solely the affairs of individuals, must become part of public law. One example, taken from the past, illustrative of many to come, will suffice. The labour of children, if left to private arrangement, would never have been properly regulated. Trades unions, the only possible alternative to the State, did not interfere; the Factory Acts became a necessity as an agent of reform. "The great progress in legal conceptions," says Professor Sering, in a recent article, entitled "Die Sociale Frage in England und Deutschland," with reference to the Factory Acts, "is that it took away from labour the character of wares or goods, which people might spoil or use up as they might a reel of cotton or a beast of burden."

In the second place, it has become manifest that there are many signal drawbacks to the effects of competition. It is proved to be not the all-beneficent and all-powerful



agent once supposed. The optimism of Bastiat and other economists on the subject now appears fanciful and eccentric. Competition is inoperative against monopolies and combinations; and we must legislate in regard to many questions with full recognition of its inefficacy.

In the third place, property must be regarded, not as an end in itself, but as a means for securing the good of society, which may mould it for that purpose. Lassalle declared that it was a law of history that the rights of property should steadily diminish. It is at least a necessity of civilisation that they should from time to time be freely changed.

In the fourth place, even if law should not be made a means of artificially creating equality in wealth, it ought not to be used for the purpose of aggravating inequality. Yet such is the outcome of some parts of our fiscal system. Such is the effect of any system which enables A to transmit his accumulations, almost untouched by the State, to B.

These doctrines require no interference with the family, no approval of Communism. They necessitate no universal enthronement of Boards, or a return to village communities or the tribal system. But their open recognition would bring the language of many Liberals into accordance with their real principles, and would go far to effect the assimilation of Socialism and Liberalism.

### A HOUSE OF THIEVES.

THE rejection of the Copyright Bill by the American House of Representatives yesterday week is an event which must draw forth expressions of sympathy with all honest Americans. It cannot be pleasant for any man who is not himself a hardened and habitual thief to know that the nation to which he belongs has been deliberately branded by its own Government with the stamp of criminality. Yet this was what happened last week at Washington. One hundred and twenty-six men, who have been chosen by American citizens to rule over them, by a deliberate vote expressed their determination to maintain the system of thieving which permits the American public to get the best literature of England for nothing, and American publishers to grow rich at the expense of the English authors whom they rob. Whether these men had been bribed to proclaim themselves and their fellow-citizens a nation of thieves, matters very little to the Englishmen whom they rob; though we think it highly probable that the delectable process of "lobbying" was not applied in vain to the hundred and twenty-six representatives of a great nation, which, thanks to them, is allowed, in point of morality, to rank as low as Algiers in the time of its pirate rulers. It is hardly necessary to say anything about the rights or the wrongs of the copyright question. No American when he comes to England ever dares to defend the system of national theft which is at present in vogue; and even in the United States there is an ostensible unwillingness to say a good word for that system. In plain English, the accomplices of the thieves are ashamed of their confederates. But all the same, whenever an attempt is made to right a most grievous wrong, and whenever there seems at last to be a hope that the American people are about to act with common honesty in this matter of international copyright, somehow or other things go all astray at the last moment, and the Bill falls through, despite the Pecksniffian expressions of approval which it has evoked from the American press.

We do not of course deny that there are many Americans who are really ashamed, horribly ashamed, of this foul blot on the character of their nation. Did not ninety-eight members vote for the unfortunate Bill last week, and was not the Rev. Dr. Eggleston only restrained from using profane language when he heard of its rejection by a recollection of what was due to his sacred calling? Yes; there are American citizens who, to their lasting honour, are almost as strongly

opposed to this system of legalised thieving as are the English victims themselves. By all means let us render due honour to them, and condole with them upon the fact that they are made the unwilling participators in a system of wholesale robbery. But what about the others, the men and women who, to speak plainly, share the plunder with the pirate publishers; who buy the poems of Tennyson, the prose writings of Ruskin, the philosophy of Herbert Spencer, for a mere trifle over the cost of paper and print, and who felt no sense of shame last week when they heard of the disgraceful vote at Washington? How are Englishmen to make some return to these persons for their share in what is neither more nor less than a great national crime? We cannot punish them individually; for, as we have said, whenever they cross the Atlantic, these worthies are most careful to conceal from Englishmen their own share in the vast and shameful conspiracy for stealing the property of English authors. All that we can do, therefore, is to express our opinion of them "in the lump," and to let them understand that a nation which deliberately adheres to a dishonest system, and which in spite of its enormous wealth persists in legalising theft, is not a nation which can be called great in any true sense of that word; is not one which can command the respect or admiration of any honest person; but is one for which the civilised world is justified in feeling a most profound and wholesome contempt.

But there are certain persons upon whose backs the lash of scorn can be made to fall directly. There are the one hundred and twenty-six men who were not ashamed to vote openly for the rejection of the Copyright Bill the other day. They at least ought to be well within our reach. Their names should be made known on this side of the Atlantic. It is well that the English author and English society should receive timely warning when any member of this band of pirates is about to honour us with a visit. The American, as we know, is very much with us nowadays. He comes sometimes in a charming guise, and we welcome him with cordiality on his personal merits alone. When he sends his daughters, they also are received with an effusiveness which must leave them no room for complaint. By all means let these international courtesies be maintained, even though we sometimes have to extend our hospitalities to a man or woman who is at heart a sympathiser with the pirate publisher. It is far better that we should err on the side of over-complacency than on that of over-suspiciousness. But when there is no room for any doubt as to the guilt of an American visitor—when, for example, we know that he is a member of the majority which last week gave a dishonest and disgraceful vote—there can be no hesitation as to the course which it is our duty to pursue. No man who has taken part in the maintenance of this system of organised theft is fit to be admitted to English society. No club should open its doors to him; no private person should offer him hospitality. If he comes here, let him be treated as a pariah, and made to feel himself the moral leper and outcast that he is. Between him and the swell mobsman who picks one's pocket, or the "smart" thief who carries off a jewel-box from a lady's dressing-room, there is really not a pin to choose so far as relative degrees of guilt are concerned. It is time that he and all his accomplices should be made to understand what honest people think of them, and of the system of law-protected theft which flourishes so abundantly beneath the kindly shelter of the stars and stripes.

### STANLEY'S GIFT TO THE WORLD.

TO understand fully the work which the great traveller whose welcome by the Royal Geographical Society has been the social event of the past week has accomplished in geographical discovery, the reader should turn to a map of Africa, such as that to be found in "Betts's Family Atlas," published in 1847. He will find that it presents the traditional blank from the Orange River nearly to Lake Chad.

Across the map, from the Lower Niger to the border of Abyssinia, stretch—in a beautifully regular chain—the “Gebel el Kumri, or Mountains of the Moon.” The White Nile rises, in a vaguely conjectural way, somewhere in “Donga or Denka,” on their northern slope. Of the great lakes there is not a trace, except “Maravi or Nyassa,” which is drained by the Rovuma, and instead of lying due north and south, stretches from north-west to south-east, and has no connection whatever with Shiré, or Zambesi. There is a conjectural Lake Zambre in one place, and a conjectural Mount Arangas (“of Ptolemy”) in another, and the Congo is made to rise in a conjectural marsh somewhere about the equator. Year by year this blank has been slowly filled in with mountains, lakes, and rivers. Burton, Speke, Baker, Livingstone, Stanley, Schweinfurth, Junker, and many others, have all contributed their share, greater or less.

Stanley's name is chiefly identified with that zone of Central Africa which lies between 10° S. and 1° N. This he has twice crossed—once from east to west, and once in the opposite direction. He has also made one journey into the interior from the East Coast, and one from the West, returning in each case to his starting-point. It is by his two expeditions across the continent that Stanley has added most to our knowledge of Africa. In the Livingstone search expedition of 1871, he can scarcely be said to have broken new ground—except in the exploration of the northern end of Lake Tanganyika, which he undertook in common with Livingstone. His work on the Congo (1878-1883) was not primarily of a geographical character, though he partially explored some of its larger affluents—among others the Aruwimi—which he ascended as far as Yambuya of evil fame.

But the expedition of 1874 had far more extensive and valuable results. The circumnavigation of Lake Victoria, the survey of the southern end of Tanganyika, the partial exploration of Karagwé and Unyoro, and, above all, the voyage down Livingstone's Luabala, and its identification with the Congo—all these completely changed the face of our maps. The largest unexplored areas then remaining in Central Africa were—first, the vast region contained within the horse-shoe-like bend of that river, to the south; and, secondly, the watershed between the Nile and the Congo, to the north. Since then, this area has been gradually narrowed by the efforts of travellers in two directions. From the east, Casati, Schweinfurth, Junker, and others, penetrated, by way of the Upper Nile provinces, into the heart of the savage Monbuttu country. Emin Pasha reached Uganda; while Gessi and Mason determined the outline of Lake Albert, which some geographers were still trying to identify with the Muta-Nzigé, seen by Stanley in 1875. From the west, Captain Van Gèle, of the Congo State, and the Rev. G. Grenfell, of the Baptist Mission, had proceeded some distance up the Ubangi, a large tributary coming from the east, and was plausibly conjectured to be the same as the Wellé-Makua—the river descended by Dr. Junker as far as the zariba of Ali Kobbo, in about 40° N., 23° E.

It is this unexplored gap which has been bridged over by the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition. The Ubangi was left untouched, but Junker's Nepoko was satisfactorily identified with a tributary of the Aruwimi. The march through the horrible damp, dripping forest—the continuation of that which Stanley and his men struggled through when traversing Uregga in 1876—is fresh in the memory of all newspaper readers. So are the horrors of “Starvation Camp,” and the beauty and plenty of the rolling grass-lands round the Nyanza—much the same in character as those already described in Uganda and Unyoro. What we have to notice here is, that the route by which the expedition reached the southern end of Lake Albert was one hitherto untrodden by Europeans, and that, by their march into Unyoro, along the neck of land which separates that lake from Muta-Nzigé—now Lake Albert Edward—they have finally proved the distinct character of the latter. The Mountains of the Moon, too, so long

relegated from one position to another, till at last they seemed to have been improved off the map of Africa for good, have been rehabilitated, and had a fixed position assigned them, from which—whatever further details may come to light—no amount of subsequent exploration can oust them. And, as their snows feed the streams flowing into Lake Albert Edward, which sends the Semliki river northward into the Albert Nyanza, they may be regarded as containing the long-sought “caput Nili”—and the old geographers were right after all.

Most of the physical features of Africa have been known, to some extent, by report in Europe before they were actually seen by white men. This has been the case—to name no other instances—with Mount Kilimanjaro, the Niger, and the Victoria Nyanza. But Mr. Stanley has, this time, had the merit of bringing to light an entirely new salt lake, not previously heard of, and with a distinct character of its own. We had heard of the Pink Terraces of New Zealand—now, alas! no more—but a pink lake is something of a novelty. We have seen no suggestions made as to the origin of this colouring; but probably the cause is the same as at the Rotomahana Terraces. It seems to be doubtful, as yet, whether the splendid snow-mountain of Ruwenzori is identical with the Gordon Bennett cone, seen by Stanley from the south-east in 1876. The discoverer himself seems inclined to think them two separate mountains. If so—it may or may not be the case—one cannot but remember the sharp-peaked mountains of “Kropi and Mophi,” between which—so the scribe of the temple at Sais assured the Father of History—were the fountains of the Nile. Herodotus, it will be remembered, was by no means sure whether he ought to take the scribe seriously—so he recorded Kropi and Mophi with reservations. It is true that the scribe's assertion would need a certain amount of exegesis to make it fit the facts; but considering his age and opportunities, he was not so very wide of the mark after all.

On the southward march, the Emin Relief Expedition, while more than once crossing the path of that of 1876, traversed some entirely new ground in the cold and wind-swept plateau of Ankori, and the south-western shores of the Victoria Nyanza. The coast-line of the latter lake has been considerably modified, being found to extend much further in a south-westerly direction than the limits laid down in 1876.

With regard to African ethnography, the most important result of the expedition is the discovery of the Wambatti pigmies. We have no space to dwell on the characteristics of these remarkable people—who have, moreover, been pretty fully described in Stanley's address to the Royal Geographical Society—or to discuss their relationship to the many similar tribes of whom accounts have reached us during the last thirty years; but we may remark that another link has thus been added to the chain of evidence for the existence of an aboriginal African race, whose prototype may perhaps be found in the cave-men of prehistoric Europe.

#### WHY I VOTED FOR THE LAND BILL.

THE vote of the Liberal party in the House of Commons was almost unanimous. There were two dissentients and two only who supported the Bill. You give one of them the opportunity of indicating his reasons for the course he took. He is glad to have the chance of stating them here. There were considerations which rendered it undesirable to say again in the House of Commons what had already been said more than a year since in the debate on the Ashbourne Act.

There are three points of view from which the Land Bill may be regarded. There is in the first place the point of view which we now know from the resolution passed at Manchester in the early winter, and an abundance of other



evidence, to be or to have become that of the majority of Gladstonians in and out of the House of Commons, the absolute refusal to adopt the principle of using British credit for the expropriation of the Irish landlords. "These landlords have made their own beds, they must lie on them and take their chance. It follows that the Land Bill must be opposed at every turn, not only as regards its machinery, but in principle. It equally follows that the Land Bill of Mr. Gladstone was a mistake and a too generous offer which must never be repeated." Then there is another attitude towards the question which is quite different. Lord Spencer and Mr. John Morley maintain the position taken up by Mr. Gladstone in 1886. They regard land purchase as an essential preparation for the working of the machinery of Home Rule, and they intend when the time comes to put forward this opinion as strongly as they did in 1886. They oppose Mr. Balfour's Bill as an insufficient and improper application of a principle which they hope to get adopted by the country in a better form when the Liberal party returns to power. There remains the point of view of those who agree entirely with the reasoning of Lord Spencer and Mr. Morley, but who have no hope that the Liberal party will be induced to re-adopt the principle. For those who being as strong Home Rulers as any members of the Gladstonian party, who adhere to the position of 1886 in regard to land purchase, and who yet are convinced that that position is gone for ever, so far as the programme of the party is concerned, the question which remains is not one between Mr. Balfour's Bill and some different way of working out the principle, but between Mr. Balfour's Bill and nothing at all.

Viewed in this light, the aspect of the controversy alters. It is true that the Irish members opposed the Bill. But they opposed it from a wholly different point of view from that of the English Radicals. They insisted, as they have always insisted, on the necessity and obligation to use British credit for the purpose of undoing the mischief of the blundering policy of such Acts as the Encumbered Estates Act of 1848 and the Land Act of 1860. For the rest they appeared in the main to be fighting on questions of machinery the battle of their new English allies, and the fact of their opposition consequently presented itself to those who supported the principle of the Act as less grave than would otherwise have been the case.

Rejecting, then both the opposition to the general principle and the opinion that some other and alternative adaptation of it would again come before Parliament, are there such defects in Mr. Balfour's scheme as to lead a Home Ruler, of the opinion I have endeavoured to indicate, to the conclusion that the Bill was worse than no Bill at all? The main objection to it is that no Irish legislative body, or even popularly-elected local authority, is interposed between the State and the purchaser. There is an answer to this—You cannot have such a body or authority at present, for there is none such in existence; but as soon as one comes into existence the machinery of the Bill may, as comparison with the clauses of the Bill of 1886 shows, without disturbing its main principles, be easily adapted so as to enable the desired interposition to be made. Meantime, by getting rid of the chief cause of social disorder in Ireland, you are paving the way for the operation of your Home Rule scheme. The second objection is that the thirty-three millions to be advanced will be rapidly run away with, and that more will be required almost immediately. The answer to this is that our experience under the Ashbourne Acts points to a different conclusion, and that what has not happened under these Acts is less likely to happen under a system where the tenant does not at once get the full benefit of the reduction. A third objection is the risk of a general strike or a famine. And this is a difficulty which might occur in the case of any ordinary tax which the British Government has to collect from the Irish occupier. I mention these objections and the replies to which I have referred, not because I

doubt that the objections themselves are deserving of attention, but because they appear to me to be of much less weight if the alternative is no land purchase at all than they would be were the alternative Mr. Gladstone's Bill of 1886, or some even better plan for compulsory purchase by the occupiers. But to some, at least, of those who think that the British taxpayer is under an obligation to lend his credit for the creation of a peasant proprietary, even though the result should be some risk or even loss, and that there is no other way than under this Bill, the impression produced by its examination is one of thankfulness that the risk of loss should appear comparatively remote and small. We appealed to the Unionist party at the election of 1886 not to make this a party question. They refused. And some of us then sought and got liberty from our constituents to continue to regard the question as one beyond party lines. At last, driven by force of circumstances, as we foresaw they would be, the Government have adopted the principle for which we fought. They will probably get no vote by it in the country. They may even incur odium, and they cannot, after what their advocates said in 1886, expect much else. But this is no reason why Liberals holding the opinions already indicated should refuse to treat the question on its merits. And if by doing so they assist in removing a stumbling-block from the path of the Liberal party by enabling such men as Lord Spencer and Mr. Morley to work with it when the next scheme of Irish government comes to be considered, they may claim, not merely to have acted in the only way they could, but to have rendered a service to the party.

R. B. HALDANE.

#### A POPULAR EDUCATOR.

MR. SPEAKER,—Have you space for a bit of real autobiography by a genuine working man? The writer of this little reminiscence has worked at his trade now for upwards of forty years; and has been my friend for some twenty years. He is one of the most acute, sincere, and cultivated men I know, though he has swung his hammer till his hair is grey. He has written more than one vivid tale of real working life, and has read a good deal more than most M.A.'s, being still a working smith. I have more than once asked him if he had no wish for the craft of letters. But he always says, "I will live and die a workman!"

FREDERIC HARRISON.

THE absence of luck about a house on washing-days made me late at class. At last, way was made for me through the rinsing tubs of blue water to the sink in the wash-house, where I pumiced the muck from my hands and washed the dirt from my face. In less than ten minutes I had "cleaned up," changed my working clothes for my "evenings." I had not "got them all on": that is a sartorial distinction reserved for Sundays.

The shades of night had already compelled the stall-keepers to light their lamps, and the mountebanks' vans were brilliantly illuminated when I reached the open space in a crowded meeting-place of narrow lanes called the Circus.

Old Tom Loritur had warmed to his work when I joined the motley semicircle of students around the tail of the cart, from which he sold second-hand books, and explained them. The case of Elisha and the children, cited in Scripture, affords no ground of expectation for the close attention with which the juveniles nearest Tom's rostrum listened to the teachings of a bald head—a bald head fumigated by naphtha, and generally more visible to his audience than poor Tom's large spectacles, thin nose, pinched cheeks, and grisly beard, owing to his inveterate stoop. For the rest, Tom had more of the scholar's slouchiness than the mountebank's smartness about him; his head seemed joined to a threadbare suit of clothes by a yellowish Byronic shirt-collar. Tom could always command the street-vendor's first necessity—a

crowd. There was a Wednesday-night crowd before him—one with very little money in it. He must imitate shop-assistants, who unpack and repack goods in slack hours, he must talk for hours to get a very small portion of the money in the crowd. As a salesman, Loritur was persuasive and ingratiating; he knew nothing of an ignorance which had to be replaced by knowledge, but he knew that the memory, worn and exhausted by the cares of life, needed refreshing. Tom's mission, if he had one, was to refresh memory, and to create reminiscences. He did not try to form our literary tastes. It was Jack Bargee, who had left school before learning to read, who decided on the relative merits of Messieurs J. F. Smith and G. P. R. James as romancists. The casting vote was always given by purchase on the orthodoxy of Colenso's "Pentateuch" or Darwin's "Descent of Man." He left it all to us. When we bought books about which we knew nothing but what he told us, we were made to feel that we were only repurchasing "wrinkles" which must have been gathered from our luminous minds at some time or other. The more unhelpful the book, the better the stories Tom would tell about it. The connection between the stories and the books became less obvious late on Saturday nights. To sell a treatise on logarithms, as a story of adventure by sea, to a drunken navy, was not beyond Loritur's rhetorical art then.

The crowd I joined was a shifting one, which frequently renewed its elements. Tom had most likely opened by telling fairy stories to some children playing about the cart, until older ears caught on. How to slip away from Cinderella to Mary Queen of Scots, or from Dick Whittington to Henry VIII., was to Tom but a simple trick of trade as the adults came in. Our borough is as much deluged with cheap journalism as any in the country. The public-houses and coffee-shops are well supplied with newspapers; so that perhaps we had better look into the circumstances of the people rather than to any love of learning—to the want of pence, to the want of clothes, to the want of home accommodation—for the motives of assemblage of Loritur's congregations. I daresay that a regular attendant would find some faint foreshadowings of club-life and attachment to our teacher—interchanges of self-gratulatory smiling at the hard social and political "knocks" he delivered—a growing sympathy which had in a few cases got as far as "What-cheering" at meeting and parting, in this fluctuating and changeable congregation. About eight o'clock a first detachment of the more regular irregulars comes leisurely up. They are labourers from factories and building yards, who have been home and "changed," and are now in the full enjoyment of coarse cleanliness, loosely laced boots, and that pleasant sense of "smelling nature in the parks," which comes to those who exchange the atmosphere of a narrow court for that of a wide street. There they stand, models of the politeness and patience we expect from crowds, dexterously managing their short pipes with one hand and twiddling the solitary sixpence borrowed from "the wife"—for the evening only—with the other. These early risers drop away from us about nine o'clock, taking with them the laundry-women and ironers, who, after slaking their thirst with heavy gulps rather than "drinks" of beer on tick at the "Princess of Denmark" over the way, have listened to a word or two on the outskirts of the crowd before going wearily home. Odd sorts and conditions of men now remain with us: an ill-looking lot of Adullamites; men too late to stand in *queue* outside the casual ward entrance of the workhouse; men who are supplementing the teaching of the prison chaplain by a dip into secular subjects; men who have engaged a "fourpenny doss" and are not anxious to turn into narrow grave-like beds upon the floor. Few artisans or mechanics join the crowd at any time. The artisan is not less in need of Tom's instruction than the unskilled labourer, but his intelligence has been quickened in a lop-sided way by the practical solution of the problems involved in the attempt to satisfy the demands of a higher technology with old-fashioned price-lists. He is the father of eleven girls and boys, who cover his walls with certificates, and fill his sideboards with prize

literature. The inference as to his own intellectual powers is all too easy, and he is content to live in this borrowed scholastic light. If not so content, his means enable him to join a political club, or a technical school; and he can afford to dress in a way which does not make him ashamed to enter middle-class lecture-halls.

Tom's platform style was colloquial, not to say chatty. To keep one's crowd from going over in a body to a newly arrived quack who is content to give away the contents of two bottles of a pleasant tasting cough-mixture, if by that means he can sell one, or from listening to the ethics of total abstinence from the mouth of an apostle resplendent in a heavy gold chain in preference to listening to an exposition of Artemus Ward, involves methods quite unknown to Mr. Gladstone or even to Mr. Ashmead Bartlett. "Now, here," he would bawl, "is a book which Solomon himself would have been the wiser for reading. It ought to be called 'Disobedience Rewarded; or, How to make £50,000 hard cash by doing Nothing.' In point of fact it is the story of a lad who ran away to sea and was cast away upon a desert island." "Robinson Crusoe," murmured the crowd, and the more regular attendants exchanged glances of triumph: we had bowled old Tom out. "Oh, well, yes, you know all about it. It is 'Robinson Crusoe,' and you may all go up one." Then, opening the book so as to show the plates, the speaker would run on: "Oh, of course not, I wasn't thinking of you, but of your little ones at home, Tommy, Billy, Jammy; they haven't read 'Robinson Crusoe.' It is for them that you should buy it: one copy for three children, two for six, three for nine, according as God has blessed you. Going for a shilling?—eightpence? 'How to get £50,000 by doing nothing' going for a tanner." The borrowed sixpences were twiddled furiously at this point, but did not leap into Tom's hand. "Now let us look at the pictures—children are all fond of pictures. Here is the picture of Robinson Crusoe with his foot on Friday's neck, representing Civilisation and Uncivilisation." "You said it was Capital and Labour the other night," cried a smart bonnetless wench, who represented the laundry interest, astonished at her own sudden emergence into public life. "So I did, my darling, so I did; I remember telling you that the attitude of Capital should be that of protection towards Labour, the attitude of the man who has much towards the one who has little should always be protective."—"Where do you find 'em?"—"You know better!"—"Tell that to the marines!"—"There's no marine parades nearer than Woolwich!" shouted the crowd. "Well, of course, my lads and lasses, I know it is not often so, and I give in, believing that it will be so some day. But what is capital?"—"Money, money! you know that."—"That's just where you're wrong. Which is capital—the quatern loaf you buy, or the fivepence you pay for it? Which would be of the most use to you by itself? On which could you live the longest? Crusoe had money he could not use. He may stand for the capitalist in the picture, because he had so many things needful for prolonging life."

So Tom ran on; almost forgetting his business in his zeal to instruct his customers.

It is some years since I heard him lecture. But I seldom cross the Circus without thinking of it as a public school, and of Tom Loritur as one of my best schoolmasters.

J. W. O.

## "THE LOWER ORDERS" IN FICTION AND REALITY.

LAST Sunday's demonstration in Hyde Park had lessons for most of us. A quarter of a million people—there or thereabouts—came together under the tender green leafage of May to maintain the rights of labour. By general consent it was the biggest of the many big demonstrations of which Hyde Park has been the scene since the days of Mr. Beale (M.A.) of famous memory. And the occasion of the demonstration was not an ordinary one. All Europe has been quaking in a perfect panic of



fright over this very thing. Vienna and Paris in particular prepared for the march of "the lower orders"—delightful phrase!—as though they were preparing for the invasion of an army of hostile Prussians under the command of Count Moltke. Here in London the panic, if it existed at all, was evidently ashamed of itself and hid its head. On Piccadilly Terrace and in Hamilton Place on Sunday afternoon there were certain houses where all the blinds were carefully drawn—reminding one of the averted gaze of a decaying spinster when a young beauty trips past her in the ball-room in all the glowing insolence of her years and her graces. These were the houses of the Rothschilds.

Lessons for all of us, we say; but lessons especially for those of us who had chanced to be reading Ouida's last novel a few hours before going into the Park. For Ouida—the favourite novelist, we are led to believe, of society—has described in the second volume of "Syrin" a great politico-socialist demonstration in Hyde Park as it presents itself to the lively imagination of the writer whose business in life it is to cater for the "upper classes." And here is how Ouida describes the scene:—

"The Park looked black with people; out of the blackness there rose here and there the figure of an orator gesticulating wildly, or of a blood-red banner with bloodthirsty inscription swayed to and fro in the hands of its supporters. The Park was at that moment gay with its first lobelias, calceolarias, geraniums, petunias; the pretty little lodge at Stanhope Gate was buried in creepers; the trees were in full foliage, and the mob were let loose in it to tear it down and trample it underfoot, and make it a wilderness of broken flowers and torn branches. . . . By Apsley Gate the mob was dense, and of the lowest sort; all Lambeth, Poplar, Whitechapel, Shoreditch, and the many other haunts where misery and sottishness and crime live and multiply unseen, seemed to have issued forth into the light of day and to be pouring itself over patrician London as the foul tide of an emptied sewer may be poured over a smooth grass meadow. Into this crowd the heroic Lady Avillion ventured in her carriage.

"Her horses were plunging like demons, the young footman had sprung from his seat and fled; Beilby, stout of heart as of form, sat where his duty bade him, but his hat had been knocked off by a stone, his bald head was bleeding, and he was every instant growing more and more powerless to control his horses, which, unable to advance, and maddened by the noise, the pressure and the sticks of the mob, threatened each moment to upset the brougham, and scatter death in all directions. Two roughs had seized the handle of each door, and had dragged them open, and were yelling and mouthing and booing at the lady within. . . . 'Get down and dance a jig on the stones, my missis!' shouted one of them. 'Your fine times is over for all of ye. We're a-goin' to ride in the coaches now.' 'Git out, or we'll drag ye out pretty quick,' yelled another. 'I'll strip you and give yer fine feathers to my old 'ooman. Get out, I say, yer huzzy. Ain't yer ashamed o' yerself, gorging and crammin' and stuffin' all day on the sweat o' the brows o' the pore working man?' . . . Some one of them further back in the crowd threw a stone at her where she sat; the signal was enough, and a storm of stones hurtled through the air, hitting the brougham, the horses, the coachman, and falling about herself, for the glass of the windows had been smashed, and the doors were nearly wrenched off their hinges."

Why should we quote further from this veracious story and tell how at the very moment when murder, or something worse, was about to be done, the hero of Ouida's tale, with flowing hair and flashing eyes, suddenly dashed into the middle of the crowd and saved the beauteous Freda Avillion at the imminent peril of his own precious life? This is history as it is written for society by one of society's favourite authors. *This* is what the people who call themselves the "upper classes" are wont to believe that a great demonstration on the part of "the lower orders" must lead to.

And now for the truth after this nauseous bit of fiction. Last Sunday, although there was not one policeman to a thousand

men and women in the park, there was nowhere the slightest sign of disorder. Not a flower was plucked, not a bough broken. Little children played peacefully on the borders of the mighty crowd; members of Parliament, in shiny hats, were in its thickest, rubbing shoulders with the men from Whitechapel and Woolwich; but in no single instance was there anything but good-humour and a marked respect for law and order on the part of the multitude.

There were red banners in abundance, but the bloodthirsty inscriptions, where were they? "One for All and All for One," "United we Stand, Divided we Fall;" these were average specimens of the lettering on the huge standards. There were orators, too; but what was the staple of their speech? Incitement to violence, to crime, to rebellion? Not in a single case. Mr. John Burns roared himself hoarse for the space of half an hour or more; and his speech was as free from any trace or symptom of illegality as that of a Primrose Dame, addressing a meeting of the elect in her own park. "Remember you have votes; and use them on your own behalf." That was the substance of Mr. Burns' speech.

Here and there, not on any of the platforms, but under trees surrounded by a few score listeners, were men who indulged in somewhat stronger language. "What you have to do," said one of these, "is to get rid of the middle classes. They are your natural enemies. Get rid of them, and then you can turn upon the capitalists. But," he added with manifest indignation when he heard the laugh which rose from the crowd at his words, "you London workmen are such confounded blockheads that you'll never do nothing at all."

It was not the speeches that we came to listen to. That crowd "sublime in its vastness," as Mr. Bright would have said, and even more sublime in its complete freedom from passion, in the sober earnestness, the calm self-restraint of those who composed it, was what we went to see. And it was worth seeing. No inconsiderable proportion of the toiling manhood of London was in the Park that afternoon, resolved to let those who live in luxury and idleness know of their existence, and of their determination that henceforth the claims of labour shall not be disregarded. They represented all classes of our working population; and not the least earnest or enthusiastic among them were the young women, drawn from the West End shops, who had come to take their stand beside their brothers in the fight for the good time coming.

When one had been in the Park an hour and a half, and had turned away at last to seek asylum in Pall Mall, it was only to find the mighty procession still pouring in through the gates at Hyde Park Corner, and to see all Grosvenor Place aflame with the banners of the rear-guard of the host whose van had reached the place of meeting two hours before.

#### AFTER-DINNER ORATORY.

THE after-dinner oratory season, which, like the mother-in-law of romance, only visits us once a year, but stays nine months, comes in like a lamb with the Royal Academy banquet, and goes out like a lion with the Burns celebrations. It is accordingly with us once more, and already two of the dozen gentlemen, each of whom is "notoriously the best post-prandial speaker in England," have struck the descriptive reporter as "felicitous." The other ten (we can guarantee this) will be felicitous ere the leafy month is reached, and another thousand or more will rise amid cheers before the end of July. If the newspaper correspondent whose calling is to make calculations would discover for us how many times the after-dinner speeches of a year would go round the world if spread out, or how long they would take to pass the Marble Arch in procession, twenty to the minute, he might make some whose only speech after dinner is "Hear, hear," "No, no," "Go on," more chary of

these encouragements. For, curiously enough, though we are so fond of addressing each other over dinner-tables, the majority of us agree next morning or the day before that it is a somewhat wasteful practice.

For the moment, however, the majority not only want a speech, but are willing to make it, and those who would have peace must conceal their thoughts, there being no minority representation after dinner. The "toast of the evening" is as inevitable as the presence of a public-house at every street corner; if the "function" is of national importance (such as an Academy dinner, or a "send-off" to an actor who is going to America for three months), a Cabinet Minister must be present to propose it, and the despised minority may be thankful if no one is asked to say (in half an hour) what he thinks of "The Army, Navy, and Reserve Forces," or "Art, Science, and Literature" (there are three speakers for this), or "Commerce," or "Our Good Old Town." Of the minority it may be bitingly said by the speakers, who watch them closely, that they would speak if they could; but, while there may be truth in this, the minority can at least retort that the majority speak though they can't. For although many men are frightened to preside at public or semi-public dinners because the friends on whom they do not call for a few remarks will dislike them ever afterwards, it remains to be faced that we speak very clumsily. The only profession that distinguishes itself is the lawyers, and they scarcely count. Of an eminent living Q.C. it is told (by our minority) that he had been out of the room when, as he supposed, the toast of the law, to which he was to reply, was being proposed. Returning as the speaker sat down, he at once launched into an eloquent speech, in which he declared himself not worthy of the kind things that had just been said of him—when a humorist rose to explain that the toast proposed was not the Knave but the Navy. Perhaps the Q.C. had his revenge presently, for, though humour is an excellent thing in a speech, few prominent humorists, as distinguished from "funny men," are good after-dinner speakers. The man who can set the table in a roar when he speaks sitting, may quiver like a mast in a gale as soon as he rises to his feet and begins, "Mr. Chairman and gentlemen," which to many of us are the most paralysing words in the language. Who that does not always dine at home has had the good fortune never to see a friend on his feet at a public dinner, gaping for the words that will not come? Who has not sat next a gentleman that pushes his plate from him because he is to propose the chairman's health presently and is muttering his speech to himself as nervously as an undergraduate handles an examination paper? Yet any reporter in the room can anticipate the average successful speech, with its modest reference to others who are more worthy of this honour (and its pause for contradiction), its well-worn joke that is as certain of applause as a couplet from Pope in Parliament, its expression of surprise at having been called on, which may be compared to the polite astonishment of the minister when his congregation present him with a purse and sovereigns. Considered calmly, nothing is easier to make than a felicitous after-dinner speech, but unfortunately the man who has to make it can seldom remain calm.

One "best post-prandial speaker in England" is famous for his suavity; his style is that of the polite letter-writer. Another indulges in satire, a third has always a charming reminiscence to tell, a fourth succeeds because he makes his hearers feel that they are remarkably fine fellows—he goes from man to man with a word of praise, like the waiter with the dessert. In this age of asking celebrities how they became geniuses, and if they ill-treat their wives, and which are their favourite twenty-five books, it is astonishing that no interviewer has questioned them about their after-dinner speeches. Do Lord —, and Sir —, and Mr. —, who are all the best post-prandial speaker in England, learn their speeches by heart before they sit down to dinner, or do they "merely take a few notes," or do they never think of what they are to say until they are on their feet? and, if the last, what are those printed slips we sometimes see in the reporters' hands? But even a knowledge of this would teach us

little, for most of us have tried all these ways of distinguishing ourselves, and had to sit down prematurely. Collectively Englishmen seem to want humour, or they would realise that there is too much speech-making after dinner. The weakness being national, however, it is pleasant to be able to address a company without staring at our boots (like the man in the blacking advertisement, whose boots are a mirror), or stuttering, or twisting the table-cloth. The next best thing to speaking well, nevertheless, is not to speak badly, but to keep our seats and comfort ourselves with the reflection (first printed by a dumb dog) that to be able to address a company fluently at a dinner-table is a sure sign of mediocrity.

### THE BANKS OF THAMES.

"TRUST in Allah," says an Arabic proverb, "for the green blade and the harvest; and for information concerning them to Selim the barber." The young man who shaves me tells me the river season has begun. He and a few friends (he says) took a boat at Moulsey last Sunday, and must, like the knight in the ballad, have travelled fast and travelled far. It really seems that the Thames gave up all its secrets last Sunday to this young man, from Folly Bridge to Teddington Lock.

He tells me that the cuckoo was calling behind the long garden wall and yews of Hampton Court. He knows

— "what white, what purple fritillaries  
The grassy harvest of the river-fields  
Above by Ensham, down by Sandford yields—"

and he says that they are in bloom, though not in such numbers as formerly, and hints, not obscurely (though without giving evidence), that their roots began to vanish off the meadows simultaneously with the foundation of Ladies' Colleges at Oxford. He has found a few Loddon lilies already, though not by the Loddon's banks, but on the island opposite Wargrave. The marigolds are out, the cowslips and blue-bells: though the blackthorn flowers have all dropped, for the spring came early this year.

He said the river was crowded last Sunday, and spoke of the rest of the crowd with that hostility which is the natural temper of a Briton in a boat. One incident he related with much gusto. It seems that at 5.30, or thereabouts, last Sunday, there happened a desperate crush and some frolicking in a lock not far above Staines, where the lock-keeper is short-tempered. The man having packed the crowd at last and closed the lock-gates tight on them, collected his toll, let them sink a few feet, and then addressed them—

"Afore you leaves I'd like to tell you all how the present company strikes *me*. It strikes *me* as bein' like a Dorgs' 'Ome. That's all."

And then he let them out.

My friend the barber had much to say about the riverside inns. I, who have only known the "White Hart," was astonished to hear his panegyric of the "Bull" at Sonning. At the "George and Dragon"—good men know only of one "George and Dragon"—they have, it seems, improved everything except the breakfast. They stopped short at this only because it couldn't be improved. And at Oxford they are going to pull down the "Mitre"—to scatter the ghosts of dead wine-parties, and chase away a crowd of faces that are wrinkled enough as their owners wear them, but kept always fresh and young in this inn. There is one man who will miss them. For many generations—as generations go in the old city—he came year by year with the cuckoo, and ordered his dinner in the coffee-room, with a bottle of Burgundy to follow his sherry. The curious thing is that the waiter brought two glasses with the Burgundy and filled the pair. The visitor would sip one slowly, after clinking it upon the other, put it down again, and sit staring at the cloth till long after dinner was done. If there were any others dining in the coffee-room, the waiter would nod to them and whisper, jerking his thumb—"He's thinking of Mr. Crofts *he* is." If you asked who Mr. Crofts might be, the waiter would never answer. After an hour or two the solitary man who thought about Mr. Crofts would rise and go straight up-stairs to bed; and



left next morning by an early train. The waiter always found the second glass untasted, and the bottle three parts full.

To return to my friend the barber. His complaint is that one-third of London goes down to the Thames about this time of the year, lines the banks for miles with ugly villas, and then cries out on the other two-thirds of London for intruding on its privacy. And his complaint is just. Moreover, he himself is just the kind of youth that it really ought to be pleasant to see on the river; for to stand all the week and cut hair in a stuffy shop is trying for the back and lungs. He has a quick eye for nature, and does not play the banjo; and if he had been born fifty years earlier he would have spent in backing prize-fights the money he now spends by the river-side.

He is one of the most satisfactory improvements in London; and I repeat that I would gladly place at his disposal Thames and all his tributaries. Stay: there is one small stream that I haunt from the time that the lilies begin to that when the petal drops from the loosestrife and its stalk turns blood-red. I alone know that stream. The rest of mankind passes within two yards of its mouth and never suspects it. The supposition is not likely: but if ever I catch my young barber up there—and he has been growing perilously omniscient of late—I am afraid there will be bloodshed.

Q.

### A RAMBLER IN LONDON.

#### III.—ADVENTURES IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.\*

THAT, sir, was an infelicitous hour, in which, emulating the heights trodden by that quick sprite so happily termed "The *Star* man," I gave you my promise to visit the House of Commons and bring word of the diligence that our Senators apply to public affairs. As I told you, I had never before entered the House; and it would be pleasant, when I recall the smile that crossed your face at this information, to learn that you were as inexperienced.

There are, sir, many ostensible ways of reaching the House of Commons: but in practice the area of a man's choice becomes considerably narrowed. He may enter as a Member: but this path appeared to me at once too tedious and too expensive; nor did I wish, when arrived, to be trammelled in my behaviour by a number of promises given outside—promises which indeed I might have had the loud sanction of custom for neglecting, but never the whispered approval of conscience. As a matter of fact, I took a cab to Westminster, entered Palace Yard, and finding several doors conveniently open, walked in at the first.

I found myself at the foot of an ample and beautiful hall, diversified with statues and policemen. My undisguised admiration of the former was unfortunate enough to offend the latter; nay, to strike them not only as mistaken, but intolerable—if I may argue from a violent blow on the chest and some abrupt questions about an unlit cigarette that I carried between finger and thumb.

Recognising with readiness the *physique* of my assailant, and with effort the pertinence of his talk, I explained that the smoking of explosive cigarettes was foreign alike to my instincts and convictions; and breaking the specimen in three pieces, laid them on his palm as an earnest of good faith. He glanced at them, and asked my business there. You, sir, will be happy to learn that, notwithstanding much incredulity in the public press, the features of divine Industry are—at least, to all appearance—so jealously guarded in the precincts of our Senate, as to exclude all but the superlatively muscular who would enter on the casual pretext of Enjoyment. If within those precincts many a useful measure escape strangulation only to be thrown out, I can, at any rate, assure you, on my own experience, that the trivial stranger is not more favoured.

I walked out of Palace Yard, and round to a doorway

facing the Abbey. To find a policeman here was too probable to be discomposing, for indeed the buildings to the height of 6 feet 2 inches were blue with them: yet I confess I had not bargained for one so big. His actual number escapes me, but he will no doubt recognise himself under the thin disguise of "A 1." I approached this giant, and, being by this time awake to the inopportunities of candour, spoke the name of a member of Parliament, who (I felt convinced by his behaviour at the dinner-table) would dissemble all the surprise, and betray what little pleasure, a visit from me might excite. A 1 smiled. It may have been fancy; but that smile seemed to hint at an acquaintance with some discreditable passage in the past life of this particular Member (an Englishman)—so fraught was it with tolerant disdain. Fancy or no, it prevents my divulging the Member's name, though even among his friends it is now associated with integrity and good works. I was allowed to pass.

I stepped across the dais of the hall from which just now I had been expelled, and entered a corridor lined with policemen. The thud of their white-gloved hands detonated on my chest with the smart precision of minute-guns: but now reckless of bruises and careless of apology, I burst through them, shouting at intervals the countersign, and drove my way into a Lobby.

There was some danger that, after this bout, my friend would fail to recognise me; and indeed (although the Lobby was curiously destitute of a single looking-glass) I felt that recognition would tax even a mother's instinct. This was no time for hesitation, however. Perceiving another corridor to my left, through which many people were coming and going unmolested, I went on. The entrance was approached between railings, behind which, to right and left, a crowd was gathered, attracted (as I now know) by that morbid curiosity which lent prize-fighting its late vogue.

Ah, sir! I will, if you please, be eloquently silent on what followed; and will resume this history five minutes later, when, after extracting from me a kind of last dying confession, signed with my name, of the man I wished to see and my reasons for seeing him, they left me stretched on one of the lobby couches, at liberty to recover and watch for two hours the meeting of Members with their stray constituents.

I knew not these Members by sight; but learnt enough to include in my report a piece of information the importance of which, in view of an approaching General Election, can hardly be over-estimated. I knew—I had learnt from the *Star* man and others of the New Journalism—how to detect a Liberal from a Tory. The former are all well-dressed, good-looking, and move with buoyant grace: the latter are all sullen, and ageing rapidly. Well, sir, if this be the case—and to doubt it would be flying in the face of reason—I have only to warn you that *the Liberal minority is considerably smaller than we have been led to suppose!* There is some plot abroad, no doubt, to beguile us; and I may trust you, now that it is exposed, to communicate at once with our party managers throughout the kingdom. Believe me, they are lapped in false security, and every moment is precious.

My friend did not come. But another Member by chance recognised me—such havoc had been made of my features by the police—for a constituent of his, an Irish tenant recently evicted. Under his kindly auspices I was led, after two hours' waiting, past the barrier, admitted to the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery, and allowed to gaze upon that assembly upon whose mistakes the sun never sets.

With what awe did my gaze fall on the green benches, on the three statesmen who represented the Government, and the five who suspended in slumber the practice of opposition! The Speaker was on his legs, and with what veneration did my ears drink in the syllables!

"Um—um—um—umphy—umphy, say AYE" (a dead silence): "umphy contry 'pinion say NO" (another): "I think the AYES have it."

He repeated this thrice, taking each time a different paper from a clerk at the table. I have learnt since that four important

\* Extracted from a private letter to the Editor.

bills were read a second time in my presence ; and cannot but testify to the business-like conduct of the House, conduct of which such misleading reports are published in the morning papers. Discontinue, Sir, in common justice, the perusal of such libels.

Then suddenly everyone went out.

"The House is up," said a voice. Like Mr. Pitt on a memorable occasion, I crushed my hat down over my eyes, and walked forth through the Lobbies. I feared no policeman now ; and they, with that respect for a shattered but brave foe which is inseparable from the British Character, drew aside as I passed, and with averted heads paid tribute at once to the suffering they could inflict, and the inspiring sense of duty they could not overcome.

## THRUMS GOSSIPS.

### II.—A WORD THAT HAGGART KNEW.

ALTHOUGH his friends often try to comfort Andrew Rattray by reminding him that he might be dishonest, or a swearer, or out of work, he has undeniably strong reasons for wishing he was almost any other weaver in Thrums. There never was such a forgetful man. When I overtook him near Tillyloss, he was wandering eastward, his head down, his arms swinging, and I would have concluded that he was merely in the bitterness of self-contempt, but for a puzzling chalk-mark on his left boot. It was arrow-shaped, and engrossed his attention so entirely that the other foot might have protested.

"I was at the Quharity fishing yesterday," he told me gloomily, "and when I came hame the wife says to me, 'Andrew Rattray, whaur's your fishing wand?' Syne I saw I had left the wand lying at the water-side, and I'm awa' to look for't now. Ay, I'm intending to gang to the Quharity, but whaur I may land at there's no saying, for if ever there was a doited forgetful fule—"

"But why have you chalked your boot?" I asked hurriedly, for Rattray on himself is like a clock that does not know when to stop striking.

"That's to make me turn up the burying-ground road," he said, "instead o' dandering past to the quarry. You see, it points north, and it should be a help, but I dinna ken either. As likely as no I'll waken up in an hour's time and find mysel' sitting on a stone in the quarry. When a man's sic a puir bit stock that he has to chalk his—"

So I said that I would see Andrew as far as the burying-ground. It is a stiff pull up the brae, but soon we were at the top, and I was reminding him about the wand, according to promise, when—

"There's Tammas Haggart on his grave," Andrew said.

Two men were hunkering luxuriously around a grassy mound, of which Haggart was astride. He had evidently just said something of a strangely humorous nature, for his arm was still in the air, and the listeners were gazing silently at it. He brought it down as we joined the company, and then, to an extent, the spell was broken.

"He's on his travels," Snecky Hobart whispered to me.

"On what he thocht of England," Peter Spens added, "and I dinna ken that I ever heard him in grander fettle."

"As for that," said the humourist, "of course I canna say. You're a tinsmith, Peter, and can aye tell whether the henmost flagon you've finished is better or waur made than usual, but humour's no like flagon-making."

"Ay, and it's no your nature to boast."

"It's no, as I've telt you mony a score o' times. I leave it to you billies to boast about me or no, as you think fit."

"But what is it you think o' England as a whole?" asked Andrew.

"He's been telling us the difference between England and Scotland," said Peter. "Ay, ay, it all lies in the one word, Tammas."

"It does so," said Haggart carelessly.

"I can see it plain enough," added Snecky, "for simple you put it, Tammas. Ay, it's clear as daylight now, and I can hardly think but what I've kent it all my life. Man, you had to be cautious no to say the word. What a differ a word makes!"

"That word," said Peter.

"But what's the word?" asked Andrew. "If it's so useful, I would like to ken it to mention to Englishys if I fall in wi' ony."

Peter and Snecky grinned.

"Sal," said Peter, "you'd better no mention it. The reason Tammas got on so tremendous wi' the Englishys was because he took sic care no to mention it."

"Ay, ay," said Tammas ; "to have said that word would have been as dangerous as to gang through England cracking a whip at the Englishys."

"But what was the word? We're all Thrums folk here."

"I telt you the word last week, Andrew," said Haggart, "at Eppie Dow's henhouse. Man, man, what a forgetful crittur you are."

"There's no the like o' me far or near. It's an infirmity, and when I think about it I really wonder how the wife took me."

"Ay," said Haggart, "but women's mighty venturesome when a man speirs them."

"And when all's said and done," suggested Snecky kindly, "there's no muckle vice in you, Andrew. You dinna drink, and you gie the wife the whole o' your wages."

"That's true," said Andrew, brightening, but he had to add despondently, "except when I forget to gang straight hame wi' them."

"But about the English?" I asked. "Did you notice much difference between them and ourselves?"

"Did I no, lads?" said Haggart, turning to Peter and Snecky, who smiled at me.

"I would have forgotten to notice the differ," Andrew said, "but it would sink into you, Tammas, like rain."

"It dinna need to sink," replied Haggart ; "I saw the differ as soon as I crossed the Border. It was in the air."

He regarded us a little suspiciously, for there are a few mean people in Thrums who pretend that during his celebrated travels the humourist never penetrated into England. "Prove it," he says to them sharply, and then they go away crestfallen, and we wonder at their trying to wrestle with Haggart.

"I wouldna have noticed it in the air," said Andrew, "how-ever strong it might have been. No langer syne than this morning I was at the pump for water, and Will'um Birse was there, too. 'It's mighty warm, Andrew,' says Will'um. 'Man, Will'um,' I says, 'so it is.' Ay, but I had never noticed it till he spoke. And how lang did it take you, Tammas, to cross the Border?"

"Weel, I wouldna say to a minute," answered Haggart cautiously, "but it took a fell while."

"I've often wondered what the Border's like. Is it a high dyke?"

"I wouldna say it was exactly a high dyke," replied Haggart, whose eyes were fixed on me.

"It's a water, I'm thinking?" ventured Peter.

"In a manner o' speaking," said Haggart, "it's a water."

"Ay, you would feel gey queer till you got safe past. How did the English strike you, a' things considered?"

"That's what we've been speaking about," Haggart answered, "and it's a big question. Of course, to begin wi', they're no just what you would call very respectable."

"Na, we didna need to wade the Border to ken that. But what I meant is mair, how do they look?"

"They're weel in order," Haggart allowed, "but, lads, they have a crushed look. Ay, I looked for't, and I wasna long in seeing it."

"It's easy accounted for," said Snecky.

"Weel we ken what crushes them," said Peter.

"Ay, because I telt you," said Haggart sharply.

"You didna tell me, did you?" asked Andrew ; "if you did, I've e



forgotten already. Sal, if onybody should have a crushed look it's me."

"And yet you hinna," said Snecky.

"Because I forget to have it," replied Andrew scornfully.

"I hinna telt you this day, Andrew," said the humourist, "but I've hinted it. It's the word we've been speaking o', man. They canna forget it, and that crushes them."

"Dagont!" cried Andrew, "it may be a blessing to be a forgetful man after all?"

"I dinna hesitate to say," said Haggart, "that if you could turn your infirmity into a gift, as we may call it, by teaching the English to forget that word, you would die a millionaire."

Andrew's mouth remained wide open for a time, and then snapped to like the lid of a box.

"I sair doubt I couldna do that," he said sadly. "Forgetting comes so natural to me that I dinna even ken how I do't."

"Ay," said Haggart, "it's like putting on a necktie for the Sabbath. We can all make the richt knot if we leave the doing o't to our hands, as you micht say; but if we take to thinking about how it's done, we canna do't."

"I think plenty about forgetting though, and yet it's aye easy done. But what's the word?"

"It's the word," broke in Snecky, "that stands up like a dyke between English and Scotch."

"And if you want to get on in England," said Peter, "you maun walk canny round it."

"It's a word," said Snecky, who, with the tinsmith, seemed to be repeating a lesson Tammas had just taught them, "that makes it no safe for you to let on that you come frae Scotland."

"To do them fair play," interposed Haggart, "they're wonderful quick in finding out whaur you come frae. 'You're Scotch,' mair than aye said to me; and surprised I was at their cleverness, for I had been speaking outlandish, so as no to hurt their feelings."

"You would be mair guarded than ever after that to keep wide o' the word?"

"Ay, mony a time when they maddened me I had the word on my tongue, but I kept it back. 'Count twenty, Tammas,' I says to mysel', and that saved me."

"What's the word?"

"But I tell you, lads," said Tammas, making a hammer of his right arm, "though I never said it, I aye had it afore me. Mony a time in their grand towns that I didna ken the name o' because I was ower proud to speir, mony a time, I say, when I looked at their haughty town-halls and picture galleries and processions wi' flags, I whispered to mysel', 'Beat your drums, and paint your pictures, and big your palaces, my chappies, but I'm thinking I would send you a' hame gey sour if I was to climb a lamp-post and skirl out—the word!'"

"But what is't, what's the word?" entreated Andrew, holding me by the tails, for I knew what the word was, and had risen to depart.

"If you dinna out wi' it this minute, Tammas," said Peter excitedly, "as sure's death, I will."

"The word," said Tammas quite calmly, "the word is—Bannockburn!"

From higher ground in the cemetery I saw, soon afterwards, Andrew strutting homewards. He had evidently forgotten the fishing-wand.

J. M. BARRIE.

### M. DE LAVELEYE AND THE BALKANIC CONFEDERATION.

BY THE LATE SERBIAN MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

**B**ULGARIANS and Serbians alike have learned to see in M. Émile de Laveleye the personification of the generous interest which the highly cultured, liberty-loving people of the West take in their national well-being. It is impossible to suspect him of any selfish political *arrière pensée*. He was to us always an apostle of liberty. And he is that because he untiringly

preaches to us the duty of fraternal concord. There may be some greater men in the West than M. de Laveleye; but there is no one who has shown us greater love. He has been faithful to us when other friends have despaired of us, and even when, in critical moments, we seemed not faithful to our friends and not faithful to ourselves.

It is just now that his call to us, "In hoc signo!"—pointing to Confederation—is again echoing in the Balkans. It is his letter in M. Stambuloff's "La Bulgarie," on the Serbo-Bulgarian Confederation, that stirs the hearts of patriots in Bulgaria as well as in Serbia.

M. de Laveleye suggests to the Bulgarians that they should formally invite Serbia to form a customs union, to engage to settle by arbitration all differences that may arise between the two countries, and to stand by each other if threatened from abroad. If Serbia accepts such an invitation, both countries are to be congratulated (and old Dame Europe also, indeed!); if Serbia refuses, Bulgaria will not be a loser in the sight of the world, having come forward with a generous, wise, and fraternal proposal.

There is no doubt that M. de Laveleye's formula, so far as it embodies the great principle of Confederation, is the true solution. The Balkan nations, standing each for itself, are not strong either by numbers or by internal organisation. As matters now are, they waste a portion of their, in the best case, not very large strength, by mutual jealousies and suspicions. Instead of assisting each other to internal consolidation, they are rather paralysing each other. Political dynamics and mechanics have their own immutable laws. Great Powers cannot bear frontier weakness, nor can organisation endure to watch passively neighbouring disorganisation. If the Balkan nations should continue to mutually weaken each other, if their disunion leads, as it must lead, to disorganisation, and this to exhaustion and anarchy, then the natural laws of politics must come into play, and a stronger hand and a power with greater organising capacity must appear on the scene. If the Balkan nations do not unite, they will be united by the iron embrace of one or other great Power, losing naturally in such an embrace not only political independence, but even their national individuality.

But the true and saving idea, of which M. de Laveleye is such an eloquent exponent, has tremendous difficulties to overcome. At the present time, as a rule, the majority of Serbians do not like the Bulgarians, and the majority of Bulgarians dislike the Serbians. Perhaps race has something to do with it. If so, we may hope that education and the spreading of the spirit of Christian charity will change this state of things. Let Europe give us peace only for twenty years, that we may bring at least two young generations through the schools, and no doubt she herself will rejoice to see the results. But, whatever the cause of the mutual dislike, it is unquestionably a positive duty of Bulgarian and Serbian statesmen to politically educate their people so that this unreasonable antagonism may be replaced by feelings of mutual confidence and goodwill.

Unfortunately the leading statesmen of both countries are often greatly tempted to overlook this duty. As it generally happens, the more intense a patriotism is, the narrower it becomes. When I look from a higher point to a more distant, though unfortunately not very distant, horizon, I cannot but exclaim, "For God's sake let us join our hands!" But when we descend to the plains of every-day life, we easily lose sight of the great and common danger. We Serbians are then at once absorbed by the Bulgarian agitation in Macedonia; and the Bulgarian statesmen spend some of their energy in tracing Serbian agents who, as they persuade themselves, are working to alienate from them "South-Western Bulgaria," as they sometimes like to call Macedonia. There cannot be the slightest doubt that the first (God grant it be the last!) Serbo-Bulgarian war was fought for influence in that country. And at this day it is still Macedonia which is the cause of bitter recriminations on both sides. It is not impossible that, because of Macedonia, Serbia and Bulgaria may both

ultimately perish. Our friends who desire to see us join hands in a Confederation should speedily and earnestly help us to solve the delicate and difficult, but not hopelessly insolvable, Macedonian problem. M. de Laveleye has indicated a great principle by which the difficulty may be overcome—arbitration. And we believe that the solution will be easily found the moment both Bulgarians and Serbians are thoroughly convinced that their interests, in the lower depths of their existence, are perfectly harmonious, and that the true guarantee for their national independence does *not* consist in the incorporation of every Serbian or Bulgarian village within the political boundaries of Serbia and Bulgaria, but rather in the removing of every cause of antagonism and in the strengthening of every bond of friendship between the two nations.

Besides these internal obstacles, the Confederation of Serbia and Bulgaria would find itself surrounded by external difficulties. I do not speak of the position which Austro-Hungary and Russia may take towards such a Confederation. But there is danger that it may be considered as a League of the Balkan Slavs, and as such arouse the suspicion of all surrounding States. In seeking to strengthen and concentrate the elements of our own political existence, we must not trespass against and narrow the conditions for such existence to our neighbours, the Roumanians, the Greeks, and the Turks. M. de Laveleye must have felt that, as he suggests the eventual accession of Roumania—at least, for purposes of defence. The accession of strength might intensify the temptation for the Bulgarian and Serbian politicians to disregard the just claims of the Greeks to a certain portion of Macedonia, and to undervalue the importance of the Sultan's retaining Constantinople. If the Serbo-Bulgarian League should only provoke the formation of a Græco-Turkish League, the matter would not be so bad. But the danger is that these Leagues would be inspired by antagonistic spirits, and that their collision would accelerate what are by some considered as "manifest destinies." If the Serbo-Bulgarian Confederation should carry in itself any vital germ, it must very quickly develop itself into a Confederation of all the Balkan nations, or at least into a defensive league against all foreign aggression.

No doubt geographical position and ethnographic conditions recommend the Serbo-Bulgarian Confederation as more feasible and natural. But *political* considerations of the highest importance make a complete understanding with the Roumanians and the Greeks quite indispensable. Therefore we ought to work for the Confederation of all the Balkan nations.

There is a great and grateful field for the British political philanthropist in that direction. Would it not be a task worthy of British generosity and devotion to liberty, to organise a permanent work to help on the political education of the Balkan nations? It is undoubtedly praiseworthy to make representations against alleged cruel treatment of prisoners in Siberia; but would it be less meritorious to teach young, liberty-loving but inexperienced nations how to keep their liberty and safeguard their national independence? If Britain would heartily accept and endorse M. de Laveleye's programme (which is, as he tells us, also that of Mr. Gladstone), there would be increased hope of a future of peace, prosperity, and liberty for the Balkan nations, and an additional guarantee for the peace of Europe.

MIJATOVICH.

### INSIDE PARLIAMENT.

THE debate on Scotch disestablishment on Friday night sealed the doom of the Scotch Church. Mr. Gladstone has satisfied himself that Scotch opinion is flowing steadily in the direction of disestablishment, and he announced definitely his adhesion to Dr. Cameron's resolution. Disestablishment in Scotland is now therefore a fixed part of Liberal policy, and must be one of the early tasks to which the next Liberal Ministry will apply itself. Mr. Gladstone's speech exhibited great know-

ledge of the question, and a strong desire to deal tenderly with the Established Church. The Lord Advocate, on the other hand, was fiery and truculent. He flung down his challenges in the most reckless manner, and stood forth as the champion of the Scotch Church. Mr. Haldane, however, spoilt the Lord Advocate's patriotic exhibition by reminding the House that he was a buttress and not a pillar of the National Church, for Mr. Robertson, though a "son of the manse," is himself a member of the Episcopalian body. The most extraordinary speech of the debate was Lord Hartington's. He told the House that he knew nothing of Scotch ecclesiastical questions; but this hardly justified his astounding display of ignorance. Mr. Fox declared that he could never discover the distinction between the burghers and the anti-burghers in Scotland. The difference between an established and a non-established church is by no means abstruse, and Lord Hartington should have known that this is the main dividing line between the Presbyterian churches. He amazed the Scotch Conservatives by suggesting the reform and reconstruction of the Established Church; and the blunder of the noble lord created so much amusement and laughter that he will not again intervene if he can help it in a Scotch ecclesiastical debate.

The second reading of the Budget Bill occupied the whole of Monday evening. The debate began languidly enough, but in its later stages, when the rival claims of beer and whiskey in the matter of taxation came into question, it grew more lively. At first the speeches were rather in the character of a grumble than of direct opposition to the proposals of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Everybody seemed to think that he could have done better; but there was no specific attack on the budget as a whole. When the Scotch, and still more the Irish members intervened, the discussion took a warmer tone. It has long been a grievance that Irishmen and Scotchmen pay more for a given quantity of alcohol concentrated in whiskey than Englishmen for the same quantity diffused in beer. This implies that the operation of getting drunk is more costly in the two sister kingdoms; and it might be supposed that the arrangement was not unsatisfactory to the temperance party. But the Scotch and Irish members are patriots first and temperance men afterwards, and they took strong exception to the additional tax on whiskey. The Irish party had an additional grievance. The money raised by the new whiskey duty is not to be distributed to the local authorities, but is first impounded for the Land Purchase Scheme, and then laid by till such time as the Government choose to give Ireland a scheme of local government. Mr. Dillon, who seems to be assuming the active leadership of the Irish party, was very indignant over this wrong, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer was unable to soothe his critics. He contended that, taking the consumption of foreign spirits in England into account, the rate of alcoholic taxation in the two countries was about the same, and he good-humouredly congratulated the Irish and Scotch members on their patriotism and good taste in preferring whiskey. This compliment failed to allay their dissatisfaction, and then Mr. Smith came down upon the malcontents with the closure. To summarily stop the discussion on the great Treasury Bill of the session was a high-handed proceeding, and Mr. Morley made warm and indignant protest against the conduct of the first Lord of the Treasury. In order to lessen the feeling which this step had aroused, Mr. Smith agreed to postpone the committee till Thursday.

At the morning sitting on Tuesday the Allotments Bill was taken in committee, but very slow progress was made. The course of this measure is an illustration of what we constantly see in the present Session—the efforts of the Opposition to convert a small measure into a large one. The measure itself merely gives an appeal from the Board of Guardians to the County Council in any case of refusal to provide allotments. The Liberals are endeavouring to enlarge the scope of the Bill; and hence the struggle between them and the Government. The measure is a small one, but it may occupy two or three days in committee.

At the evening sitting, on Tuesday, Mr. Reid's motion in favour of giving the local authorities power to acquire land



compulsorily for public purposes led to an interesting debate. The opposition to it was very half-hearted, and it was significant that Mr. Chaplin, and not Mr. Ritchie—in whose department the question really lay—was put up to oppose it. Mr. Chaplin has an intense horror of the idea of compulsion when applied to the owners of land. To suggest that the social necessities of a great town should override the greed or the caprice of a landowner is, in his eyes, a political heresy of the worst type. The Minister for Agriculture evidently felt that he was on weak ground, for he seized an accidental reference to the Sutherland evictions to drag in that question, and to offer a glowing vindication of the measure which all men have looked upon with regret, if not with reprobation. Mr. Morley, in a vigorous speech, gave another proof of his readiness to accept rational and moderate applications of the principles of State Socialism. He supported the motion, and insisted that the great municipal bodies should have the right to acquire land for public purposes. The motion was defeated by only 16. This is the worst division the Government have yet had on a question of importance. On Wednesday the Charitable Trusts Bill, a measure for giving to the Charity Commissioners the power of dealing with all endowments above £50, was read a second time.

On Thursday night Mr. Goschen was taken to account for the reckless charges of obstruction which he brought against the Opposition in his speech at Rawtenstall. Mr. Storey's facts made Mr. Goschen's fictions look extremely ridiculous, and the right hon. gentleman offered his explanation with a very embarrassed and subdued air. He rode off on the general charge that there was a party in the House unnamed and unspecified, whose aim it was to lower its reputation and impair its efficiency. In Committee on the Customs and Inland Revenue Bill, the Government, after a little pressure, consented to postpone the clauses affecting the increased spirit and beer duties till the House had pronounced on the Ministerial scheme for allocating the proceeds of these duties. This for the time put out of the way the most controversial provisions of the Bill, and its passage was proportionately smooth. Mr. Picton wanted the tea duty abolished forthwith, and Mr. Buxton dealt at some length with the duty on currants; but the House declined to follow them into their ambitious projects of finance.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

### LORD HARTINGTON'S INCONSISTENCY.

SIR,—I have read with great interest and appreciation your remarkable series of articles—"Politicians on the Wane."

You have well disposed of the "inconsistency" argument which the opponents of Mr. Gladstone are so fond of urging against him.

Have you not omitted, however, another point in this week's article on Lord Hartington in regard to his "inconsistency"? The point I refer to is in regard to his attitude on the county franchise for Great Britain. First, he voted against Sir G. Trevelyan's motion, then he got the length of walking out of the House when the division was called, and finally he gave it his support both by speech and vote.

If the "inconsistency" argument is worth anything, there is, in my judgment, as strong a point in this latter case against Lord Hartington as there is on the Irish question, to which you so fully and ably refer.—I am, yours faithfully,

May 3rd, 1890.

J. B.

### LICENSING AND COMPENSATION.

SIR,—I have read with much interest and agreement (as I do most of what I find in *THE SPEAKER*) your remarks on the Licensing question in the last number, especially as regards compensation. In an address specially intended for Licensed Victuallers, which I read at a conference convened by the Church of England Temperance Society in 1876, are some statements which may be helpful in supporting your contention. I maintained in the first place that public-houses and inns had generally ceased to be places for the "licensed" sale of "virtuall"; secondly, that great evils resulted from the substitution of the bar for the comparatively comfortable old tap-room with its facilities for social intercourse; in the next place I noticed the results of adulteration; and lastly, the vast increase in the number of licensed houses beyond the legitimate wants of each locality, with all the evils of illicit attractions consequently employed by them. And I suggested

the plan of "raising a fund for compensating a certain number of publicans from whom licences are withdrawn, and enabling them to turn to some other trade by means of a levy on those houses which are to retain their licences," and that from £80 to £100 would be about the sum that would be generally regarded as fair and sufficient compensation. The important fact is that the address was listened to by a considerable number of publicans and a few brewers without expressions of dissent, and that nearly the whole of it was reprinted in the *Licensed Victualler's Guardian* with scarcely any adverse comment.

There will, of course, be considerable difference of opinion concerning the amount of compensation with which a publican ought to be content; and doubtless he would consider himself entitled to as much as he could get—some would require, and justly, much more than others. But as to the quarter from which the compensation should come, there ought to be no doubt whatever that the view you take is correct.

HENRY SOLLY.

Addiscombe Grove, Croydon, May 3.

### LITERATURE FOR "REDUCED GENTLEFOLK."

SIR,—May I venture to hope you will kindly insert the following appeal in *THE SPEAKER*? Probably many of your readers are aware of the efforts of the United Kingdom Beneficent Association "to make life less difficult" for that division of society commonly called "reduced gentlefolk." One of the greatest privations to an educated person is lack of literature, and to meet this need a small postal lending library was started at Christmas. However, to supply the demand, varying from "Herbals" to modern works on art and science, new subscribers and donors are an imperative necessity. Has not Col. Seton-Churchill placed the posting of stray papers among the "stepping stones to higher things?" So if any of your readers wish to help, and will send me a postcard saying what they can spare, I will place them in communication with our annuitants, and give any further information.—Yours obediently,

E. L. CAMBIER, Hon. Librarian.

Southgate House, Chichester, May 5.

### A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,  
Friday, May 9, 1890.

A CURIOUSLY constructed book has just been published by J. Clarke & Co., called "The Art of Authorship," which is itself an admirable example of the Artifice of the Author. Mr. Bainton, who is responsible for the book, though not for much of its contents, appears during the last few years to have addressed letters to several hundreds of persons of varying degrees of importance, but all obnoxious to the charge of having written at least one book, informing them that he was about to lecture to a class of young men on the art of composition, and would be glad to have a hint or two on the subject from an expert. One hundred and seventy-eight authors responded to this invitation, some at great length, and their replies, each heralded by a line or two of judicious praise from the editor, constitute the volume.

There are some names we miss. Cardinal Newman, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Ruskin, Mr. Morley, Mr. Arthur Balfour, are not here. But do not let us blame Mr. Bainton, who says significantly in his preface, "Several names of eminent living writers will not be found. In most instances their help has been requested, but has either been withheld, or has proved insufficient for the purpose required." Mr. Bainton impales these missing persons very neatly—they are either churls who withhold help from an honest though unrevealed enterprise, or fools who had nothing to say worth printing.

But one hundred and seventy-eight authors is a noble basket, and proves Mr. Bainton to be an angler of skill and cunning. He did not fish with the net, but with the fly. Each catch was an independent transaction. No one of the hundred and seventy-eight authors recked of his brother. Mr. Bainton had—so, at least, we gather from Mr. Gosse's letter—"gracious words" for each.

In this odd volume the lion and the lamb lie down together. The authoress of "Bootle's Baby" may be found sneering at the authoress of "Cometh Up as a Flower;" a writer of unquestioned eminence contrasts Kinglake unfavourably with Julius Cæsar; but, for all that, Miss Broughton and Mr. Kinglake both reply—and very sensibly, too—to Mr. Bainton's letters.

One point is left in obscurity. It is nowhere stated whether the editor sought and obtained the permission of the writers to publish their letters. This is a point perhaps not worth insisting on. The law on the subject is now so clear that litigation by losing all its uncertainty is robbed of half its charm. Letters, it is now generally known, belong to the person to whom they are addressed. They are his to read, to burn, to sell—but not to publish. The writer can prevent publication, or at all events circulation, by means of an injunction. It is not for a moment to be supposed that any of the authors who have been so cleverly captured by Mr. Bainton will seek to restrain the circulation of "The Art of Authorship." One of them, indeed, felt somewhat aggrieved when his attention was called to the fact that the actual letter which he wrote to Mr. Bainton was on sale at an autograph shop in Holborn at a price which could not be considered prohibitive. A trusty messenger was provided with the necessary coppers and despatched to buy it. Perhaps he tarried by the way. At all events, when he reached the shop, though on the morning of the publication of the catalogue, the letter was sold.

As for the book itself, it is a most amusing volume, a study in agreeable egotisms, and astounding misapprehensions, mixed with much sound sense. Mr. Bainton has tapped a vein of vanity, which flows freely and pleasingly through more than three hundred pages. We hear much of early studies and favourite books. Authors record their own habits and customs as lovingly, and with the same earnest good faith, as did White of Selborne those of woodpeckers and chaffinches.

Mr. Hall Caine tells us how he began, oddly enough, by copying Lord Brougham's weighty eloquence, and then went on to imitate Coleridge's involved sentences, and finally Carlyle's archaisms. What happened? Why, when he began to write for the newspapers "it was complained" that his style was too elaborate, too involved, and much too ornate. Of course, says Mr. Caine, "I used the choicest and newest words in my vocabulary," but the result he admits was displeasing. The turning point in Mr. Caine's style was when he had to work in great haste for a daily paper. That cured him, and he now writes short, sharp, pithy sentences.

Miss Marie Corelli, on the other hand, never thought of writing till two years and a half ago, and then only to disburden her mind of certain thoughts that clamoured for utterance. She has (like Sir Edwin Arnold) studied Homer and the classics; though, unlike Sir Edwin, she has avoided reading the penny newspapers. Having money without exertion, she maintains—in the face of Dr. Johnson—that to write for the sake of gaining a livelihood only is a terrible mistake, and one (here no one can contradict her) that hundreds of authors commit every day. Art, says Miss Corelli finely, always frowns on those who are too ready to barter her for gold. Most of the authors she has come in contact with are, so she declares, dissatisfied and insatiate for money. She owes nothing to systematic training, and holds, with Lord Foppington, that "too much study leaves the brain no room for original creative work."

Sir Edwin Arnold, after modestly observing that the artist often knows less of his own methods than the expert who analyses them (fancy analysing "The Light of Asia!"), goes on to say that

to write real simple English well "a man should know at least as much as I do in the way of living and dead languages. I can read eight or nine, and I think the more he knows the simpler will be his style." Bunyan, Defoe, Cobbett, Hugh Miller, did not know much in the way of living and dead languages, but one would have thought even Sir Edwin Arnold would have admitted that they wrote one language, namely, their own, better than he does. So, too, it seems no one can write perfect verse who does not well know the classics, "who has never dwelled on the perfect labour of Horace, the jewelled Latin of Virgil, and Homer's deep-sea music." Surely Sir Edwin Arnold does not think himself a better poet than Keats or Burns!

Mr. George Moore at the age of five-and-twenty could not distinguish between a verb and a noun. It is only lately he has learned to punctuate a sentence. He has never succeeded in learning to spell. His father thought he was deficient in intelligence because he could not learn to spell. Query: Was his father wrong? He is entirely opposed to education as it is at present understood. He knows scarcely anything of Shakespeare, though he has Fletcher and Marlowe at his fingers' ends. He experiences great difficulty in disentangling his thoughts.

It is impossible to read this book without thinking of the very wicked imps to whom Mr. George Meredith introduced us in the prelude to the "Egoist," who pitch their camp wherever they catch sight of Egoism and there circle and squat, confident of the ludicrous to come. Did these imps subscribe to Mudie, they would all put the "Art of Authorship" on their lists.

But it must not be supposed that the book is altogether a foolish one. Far from it. It contains much good sense.

M. Renan fell a victim to one of Mr. Bainton's carefully selected and well-thrown flies. "Your letter," says this subtle discriminator, "breathes so much sincerity that I have made an exception in its case to the rule I have placed myself under, of very rare letter-writing." What M. Renan says is, "To write well is to think well; there is no art of style distinct from the culture of the mind. The good writer is a complete mind, gifted with judgment, passion, imagination, and at the same time well trained. Good training of the mind is the only school of good style. Wanting that, you have merely rhetoric and bad taste."

Another illustrious Frenchman, M. Taine, declares his belief in the process of analysing masterpieces. "Were I giving advice to a young man, I should engage him above all things to read for a long time, pen in hand, the great writers of different countries. The speeches, the essays, and the history by Macaulay, the tales and pamphlets of Swift; with us the 'Provincial Letters' of Pascal, and the pamphlets of Paul Louis Courier."

The Professors proved an easy prey. They rose in shoals. To preach is easy—to refrain divine. Nothing can be better than Professor Huxley's deliverance on page 12, though it is too long for quotation. He says he never had the fortune, good or evil, to receive any guidance or instruction in the art of English composition, and he pooh-poohs the "give your days and nights to the study of Addison." Clear conceptions, infinite pains, and an artistic sense of rhythm and proportion, are Professor Huxley's principles, and though with modesty he disclaims having taken them as his own guides, most readers will admit that if Huxley cannot write English—the art is a lost one.

Professor Tyndall read Blair's "Lectures on Rhetoric" before he left school, and found the work useful. Professor Bain says



he could not in a few minutes convey to Mr. Bainton any idea of his (the Professor's) education in English style. He would have Mr. Bainton believe that he always strove after lucidity, but did not discover the precise arts for securing it until he taught rhetoric at the University of Aberdeen. There are men living who consider that, on the whole, Professor Bain's style is the very worst the world has yet seen.

Professor Dowden, the biographer of Shelley, writes a very long letter indeed, and fondly recalls the days when he could produce echoes of Lamb, De Quincey, A. K. H. B., and the smart style of reviewing in the *Athenæum*. He hints that there are still in existence two essays of his, which he read at a Young Men's Society when about fifteen years old. They bear the weird titles, "On the use of Imagination in the Study of History," and "On Bacon's Essays." Professor Minto of Aberdeen University attributes any success of his to having been a pupil of Professor Bain's. Professor Jowett is very curt. "Connection is the soul of good writing. Figures of speech and fine passages had better be cut out." These are hard sayings. We should judge it to be easier, according to Professor Jowett, to be a good Christian than a good writer.

Professor Bryce admits to never having made any study of style, or read any writer with that view. He has lately had an uneasy suspicion—perhaps in consequence of receiving Mr. Bainton's letter—that it would have been better had he done so, but he consoles himself with the reflection that he has never had the leisure. He thinks Cardinal Newman the best living model, but adds, with characteristic caution, that the Cardinal's art is not an easy one to catch. He advises writers to have the whole progress of their argument (if they have got one) clear and consecutive in their minds before the pen sets to work. But he leaves out of account the vast multitude who cannot think at all, but only write.

But of all the authors in the book, commend me for delightfulness and charm to Colonel Lew Wallace, who, so Mr. Bainton says, has written a noble book, "Ben Hur: a Story of the Christ." The Colonel says, "If there is excellence in my composition, set it down, first of all things and last, to the fact that I have no method. Modes of expression in writing, like modes of expression in speech, are referable purely to feeling, not studied, but of the moment. When I was a boy I ran wild in the great woods of my native State. I hunted, fished, went alone, slept with my dog, was happy, and came out with a constitution. My name was Idleness, except that I read—every moment that I was still, I was reading. Fifteen years my father paid my tuition bills regularly, but I did not go to school. He started me in college, but I ran away, and was expelled. Teachers would have nothing to do with me. In short, my education, such as it is, is due to my father's library. The book that had most to do with influencing me was Plutarch's Lives, and now, at the age of sixty, when my will grows drowsy, and my ambition begins to halt, I take to that book and am well at once."

A book of this kind, so oddly constructed, can hardly be expected to come to any definite conclusion; yet reading it does produce, after putting aside the vanities and absurdities it discloses, a certain oneness of effect. There is a *consensus* of opinion in favour of style being the outcome and result of some kind of training, not undergone for the sake of acquiring the style itself. Soldiers and sailors are perhaps more likely to write good English than divines and lawyers; but the soldier or sailor who does chance to write a good style will be one who has undergone training, who has had the opportunity and felt the necessity of clearly grasping a situation and seeing his way through it.

M. Renan was not far from the truth when he wrote: "Good training of the mind is the only school of good style."

A. B.

West and East still sit very far apart. The gulf may be bridged in course of time; but for the present the points of contact are few, and the number does not grow quickly. For instance, take, as we are in the midst of the annual carnival of Paint, the popular taste in matters of art. It may be that if we could get sufficiently deep down below the outer crust of class convention, we should find among the "run" of common folk at either end of the great city a fundamental likeness in their ways of viewing a picture-gallery, the horizon being bounded in both cases by the limited possibilities of a human nature which runs evenly beneath all distinctions of caste. But it is just the difference of circumstance which gives the watchful student a series of contrasts, now gladdening, now saddening, but always significant.

Western likes and dislikes are always painfully *en évidence*, and we turn our back upon them for a moment with relief. In the East the "basis of opinion" is of the slenderest, but so far as it goes it is certainly *bona fide*. The *plébiscite* in connection with the annual show in Whitechapel (which, thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Barnett and their artist friends and helpers, is a good substitute for a real Gallery) is an established popular institution, which so far as we know has no parallel in Piccadilly or Bond Street. Out of about fifty thousand visitors 8,144 adults filled in voting papers last month—a by no means despicable proportion. The East scores on other points. It has not yet got to the stage of inviting a host of self-appointed "critics" to interpose, smoked-glass fashion, between it and its pictures. It is untainted by the social bias, too; and knowing neither Mrs. Ponsonby de Smythe, nor her dressmaker, nor her painter, can afford to speak its mind freely about their joint production. It is almost worth living in the East to enjoy such glorious immunity.

Of course it is the independence of unaffected but sadly ignorant childhood. Workmanship in colour-substance is a thing of which the average East-ender knows and heeds little. Nicety of meaning misses the mark. Allegory is utterly thrown away, and classicism would be no more than a cause of wonderment were it not for the catalogue. Domestic sentiment, common present-day life experience—these are the chief springs of judgment. Nevertheless, there are signs of outgrowing. The three favourites in this year's polling are:

- |   |            |
|---|------------|
| 1. "The Health of the Bride" ( <i>Stanhope Forbes</i> ) ... | 954 votes. |
| 2. "Marianne" ( <i>A. Waterhouse, A.R.A.</i> ) ...          | 855 "      |
| 3. "Ripening Sunbeams" ( <i>Vicat Cole, R.A.</i> ) ...      | 689 "      |

Next comes the charming modern study of a fair young English girl and child, which gives us Miss Alice Havers' conception of Mary and Jesus; and this is followed by Mr. Yeames' "Amy Robsart," Mr. Peter Graham's "Driven by the Wind," Mr. Yates Carrington's "Out-patient," and Mr. Briton Riviere's "Magician's Doorway."

Perhaps the choice of Mr. Forbes' study in domestic portraiture is simply to be taken as Whitechapel's answer to the eternal "Is Marriage a Failure?" question. At any rate, if it is an artistic blunder it is an uncommonly natural and excusable one. For is not the social problem the problem of the day?

## REVIEWS.

### AN ANTIQUARY'S HISTORY OF CUMBERLAND.

A HISTORY OF CUMBERLAND. By Richard S. Ferguson, M.A., &c., Chancellor of Carlisle, President of the Cumberland and Westmorland Antiquarian and Archaeological Society. London: Elliot Stock. 1890.

SOME of the visitors to Carlisle during the meeting of the Archaeological Institute at that city in 1882, will probably remember the emotion of pleasurable surprise with which they learned what manner of man Carlisle had elected as her mayor. The chief magistrate who welcomes the Institute or the Association in their periodical visits, is not generally an expert in archaeology. He is generally a most worthy man and a generous host, but if he knows thoroughly the facts set forth in "Little Arthur's History of England," it is as much as can reasonably be expected of him.

At Carlisle, however, we found arrayed in the red robe of municipal office, and occupying one of "the chief rooms at feasts," a man steeped through and through with archaeological learning—one who was confessedly *the* expert in almost every question of the history of his native county that came before us; one who, with his brother, undertook to guide the members of the Institute in all their chief excursions, and discharged the duties of itinerant lecturer on these occasions to the satisfaction of all. Since that time the then Mayor of the City has become Chancellor of the Diocese, and thus the temporality and the spirituality are both, in a sense, represented in his single person.

We doubt not that Mr. Ferguson, having these special facilities for knowing the history of his native county, and having made that history his lifelong study, would derive infinite amusement from any attempts that we might make to pick holes in his work as it now lies before us, but we do not mean to afford him that innocent gratification. *THE SPEAKER* will not on this occasion undertake to teach Hannibal the art of war. It will be enough for us briefly to indicate the subjects on which an archaeologist will find most light thrown in this very compendious, though thorough, "History of Cumberland."

The chapter on "The Early Inhabitants of Cumberland" is short, but full of well-digested knowledge. Traces of palæolithic man in this county there are none—probably, as Professor Boyd Dawkins suggests, because the whole region was at that time covered by glaciers. Neolithic man, however, is well represented, and here, as elsewhere, we trace in imagination the gradual fading away of his descendants, the dolicho-cephalic men of the Stone Age, before the bronze-using brachy-cephalic Celts, their conquerors. Of the latter Mr. Ferguson draws a picture which is far from flattering:—

"This Celtic race was, compared with their non-Aryan predecessors, a set of very ugly customers; their bones, as dug up, prove them to have been bigger (their average stature was five feet eight inches), thicker, and more muscular; they had broad jaws, turned-up noses, high cheek-bones, wide mouths, and eyes deep sunk under beetling brows that overhung them like pent-houses—the superciliary ridges on their skulls tell that: characteristics in striking contrast to the short stature and mild and pleasant countenances which their bones show the dolicho-cephalic men to have possessed." Poor dolicho-cephalic race! What a peaceful Europe it would perhaps be at this moment if we Aryans had only remained quietly in our primeval home; whether that home were, as Professor Max Müller tells us, somewhere beyond the Oxus and Jaxartes, or, as Professor Sayce assures us, almost from his own remembrance, somewhere near the coasts of the Baltic. As far as our own island is concerned, it may be confidently asserted that if the inhabitants were still dolicho-cephalic polishers of flint implements, they would not be spending thirty-five millions a year on National Defence.

An interesting relic of the Celtic inhabitants of Cumberland (who are not thought to have left many drops of their blood in the veins of the present inhabitants, these being chiefly sprung from Scandinavian and Anglian sires) is the numerals used till lately for scoring sheep in the Lake District. "Sethera, lethera, hoversa, dovera, dick," for six, seven, eight, nine, ten, certainly have a strangely un-Teutonic sound. The peasants who used this numeration counted on by additions to ten till they reached fifteen, and then by additions to fifteen till they reached twenty (Giggot).

The history and geography of Roman Cumberland occupy about eighty pages, more than a quarter of Mr. Ferguson's book. Some will think this proportion excessive, but that is not our opinion. We have in the Roman historians, especially in Cæsar and Tacitus, a certain amount of information—fragmentary, it is true, but extremely interesting—concerning the state of our island at the time of the Roman conquest. We have also in the Itinerary of Antoninus and the Notitia Imperii some information concerning the cities which the conquerors founded here, and the military and political organisation which they here established. Over against these literary remains we have the very interesting, but also fragmentary, monumental relics of the Roman occupation—a tessellated pavement here, a bit of a road there; the grass mounds of a camp in one place, a large find of coins in another. To bring these two sources of information into co-relation with one another, to explain the authors by the monuments and the monuments by the authors, is one of the most difficult, but at the same time most interesting, tasks which the archaeologist can set before him. Much has been done. Camden and Horsley nobly led the way, and they have had many industrious successors.

But much still remains to be done, and if popular attention were once directed to the subject, help might come from unexpected quarters. Probably few of our Midland readers know that somewhere on the borders of Cheshire and Shropshire lies in all probability a buried city, which once bore the same name (Mediolanum) with that of the great city of Milan. Any day we may hear that the plough of the farmer or the pickaxe of the navy has uncovered its ruins. Probably few of our North Country readers know of the exciting mystery that still shrouds "the Tenth British Iter" of Antoninus, which started from this same undiscovered Mediolanum, went through Manchester (Mancunium)—that much is certain—but afterwards lost itself in the wilds so completely that whether it ended at Cockermouth, Penrith, Old Carlisle, or even on the shores of the German Ocean, is to this day debated by archaeologists. "And what does it matter?" some utilitarian critic will ask. But those who have followed the course of discovery in other branches of science will know that it is always worth while to strive after accuracy, and that when one fact has been rescued from the chaos of the unknown, it is astonishing how often other important facts crystallise round it. Every careful student of history also will acknowledge the importance of obtaining as complete a map as possible of the country with which the historian has to concern himself. For all these reasons, therefore, we gladly welcome the considerable section of the work which Mr. Ferguson has devoted to the Roman period of Cumbrian history. We only regret that the publisher's arrangements did not allow of his setting his results clearly before our eyes in a map, or rather a series of maps, showing the geography of the county at different periods of its history. The valuable discussion of the stations "per Lineam Valli," one of the best statements that we have met with as to the allocation of these puzzling Western stations, could have been made much more serviceable to the general reader by a map such as we think Mr. Ferguson has already furnished in some of his other publications. When this volume of the series of "County Histories" reaches a second edition, we hope the publishers will supply this deficiency, even if they do thereby add a few shillings to the price of the book.

We have no space for even an outline of Mr. Ferguson's remarks on the tantalisingly obscure history of Strath-clyde; still less for an abstract of his chapters on "The Norman Settlement," under the various headings of "The Baronies," "The Forest of Cumberland," "The City (of Carlisle)," and "The Church." All this seems, as we should expect, to be good and strong work, though we do not quite understand why, under the general heading of "The Norman Settlement," so much later history, reaching in some cases down to the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, is introduced.

The events of later history—the Border Warfare, the Civil Wars, the Jacobite Insurrections—are, of course, rather briefly touched upon. Here is a paragraph which may interest a modern politician:—

"An attempt was made in 1643 to seize Carlisle for the Parliament. The prime movers were Sir Wilfred Lawson and some of the Barwises of Langrigg. They brought in Sir William Armyne, who was active on the Parliamentary side, and with the assistance of persons named Craister, Studholme, Chalmley, and Langhorne, faced Carlisle with what Tullie, the historian of the siege, calls a 'Rascall rout.' However, the gentry of the country, their tenants and neighbours, and the militia, defeated Lawson's followers, and pursued them to Abbey-holme, but appear to have let them go on promise of keeping quiet in future."

We have also some interesting facts as to the incomes of the Cumberland squires at the time of the Restoration. Macaulay has estimated it at a fourth of what their estates would now produce, and we infer that Mr. Ferguson considers even that estimate as too high. "In Cumberland and Westmorland John Lowther, Esq., heads the list with £4,000 a year. This must have been the son of Sir John of Lowther, who had probably made over part of his estate to his son during his lifetime. Next comes Daniel Fleminge, Esq., with £1,800 a year, and Francis Howard of Corby, Allan Bellingham, and Sir Thomas Braithwaite, with £1,500 a year each. Five, namely, Colonel Lamplugh, William Layton, Christopher Musgrave, Thomas Curwen, and William Pennington, have each £1,000 a year. . . . For the position these men then held in the two counties their incomes seem small enough. For a county M.P., such as Allan Bellingham was, £1,500 a year seems a small income; but Lamplugh and Howard out of their estates of £1,500 and £1,000 a year each raised a regiment for the King."

We have only to say in conclusion that if Mr. Stock can find a Mr. Ferguson to write the history of each of the other counties of England and Wales, the success of his series of "Popular County Histories" may be considered as assured.



## MR. WILLIAM O'BRIEN'S NOVEL.

WHEN WE WERE BOYS. By William O'Brien, M.P. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1890.

No one claims a larger liberty for the reader than does the present writer. He denies that there is the slightest obligation on the part of anyone to read anybody else's book, or even to pretend to have read it: a questionable course, this latter, which a mistaken view of politeness sometimes dictates. In a world chokeful of good old books, it can never be anybody's duty, unless he be a reviewer, to read a new one. There is an immense amount of sham excitement and spurious feeling about books. People sometimes pretend to be anxiously waiting for the publication of a book. The non-appearance on Primrose Day of Mr. Froude's "Lord Beaconsfield" was described as a keen disappointment. It was nothing of the kind. Mr. Froude's book, when it appears, is sure to be a brilliant, delightful, and partially truthful volume, but we can wait for it without a murmur. We have only to compare the comparative effect upon the temper of having to wait ten years for the publication of a book—as, for example, we had to do for Mr. Elwin's edition of "Pope," and Mr. Kinglake's "History of the Crimean War"—and having to wait ten minutes for a train at Waterloo, to perceive how little we really care about such things.

A great many people will not read Mr. O'Brien's novel—some because they never read novels at all, a few because they never read novels about Ireland, others because they think the author made too much fuss about his breeches, and one or two perhaps because they stuck in the middle. There can be no harm in admitting all these reasons to be good, since no reason at all is necessary.

But none but stupid people will be found to deny that the circumstances which surround the publication of "When we were Boys" are interesting. Mr. William O'Brien enjoys in a most remarkable degree the affection and confidence of the people of Southern Ireland. He represents them in almost every fibre of their being; he can speak what makes their hearts leap and their cheeks burn; he wrote the book in the prison to which he was sent by the English Government, and its subject is Ireland and the Irish.

We may bluster and bounce and swear by earth and sky that we are sick of Ireland and of Mr. O'Brien, and resent their intrusion into the pleasant realm of Fiction, but all the while deep in our hearts lies hid the knowledge that the Irish problem is in reality not only of the utmost importance, socially and politically, but also of the greatest interest. Curses deep and long will not cure Irish disaffection; neither will the governing classes of this country, who are now the working classes, tolerate for a moment the suppression of representative institutions and the substitution for them of that talkative soldier, Lord Wolseley.

We think all parties ought, therefore, to be very grateful to a Parliamentary leader who gives them a novel instead of a speech, who appeals to them on their literary side, who at all attempts both to describe and explain Irish sentiment. Mr. O'Brien's novel may be a good one or a bad one, but it is a novel and not a political pamphlet. The author may have disobeyed prison rules; but whilst writing his book he obeyed the rules of literature and disregarded the bad habits of party strife. The literary mood is a blessed mood. It is for ever modifying, and qualifying, and breaking holes in the walls of prejudice, and admitting through the apertures so made fresh air and the light of reason. Mr. O'Brien is here dominated by this mood, and describes with great skill the weak points in Irish character which have so fatally delayed her freedom and destroyed her hopes. "When we were Boys" is a fair book, and justifies to some extent Dr. Johnson's commendation of the Irish as a fair people who are always ready to speak evil of one another. It is also well worth reading for the sake of the story, which is interesting, pathetic, and well told. It is far too long. This is perhaps, like so many other things, Mr. Balfour's fault, or the fault of his resident magistrates. If Mr. O'Brien had been kept in prison only half the time he was, his novel would very likely have been twice as good as it is. A shorter sentence would have been better for the health both of Mr. O'Brien and of Mr. O'Brien's book. What is wanted is not omission, but compression. Almost everything is told at too great length.

Mr. O'Brien's temperament and his novel harmonise well. It is the true Celtic temperament—sentimental, dreamy, mystical, and full of an almost infinite capacity for sorrow—and it is a true Irish tale of love, mischance, misfortune, and misdeeds. The

rollicking humour so widely associated with the Irish character has not been grafted upon the stock which gave birth to Mr. O'Brien, who, though not impervious to humour, is, we should imagine, somewhat impatient of it. He speaks, indeed, in the course of the book, with an apparently genuine appreciation of the exquisitely felicitous jesting of Mr. Sexton and Mr. Healy in a night-train coming back from an election at Mallow. If we are to believe Mr. O'Brien, such jokes never were since Shakespeare made merry at the "Mermaid;" but this is one of the few points about which we are not quite prepared to believe Mr. O'Brien. Sorrow and sentiment are the chords most frequently and most successfully struck in "When we were Boys;" but the sorrow is happily and most skilfully tinged with hope, and the sentiment is streaked with an incipient perception of fact.

The hero of "When we were Boys" is a charming, talkative, sentimental young fellow, with noble instincts, deep feelings, and of a pious turn of mind, who walks out of the last chapter, whilst still a lad, to endure penal servitude for life. He had done nothing to deserve such a sentence, for though a rebel in intention, the Federal General (an admirable study) who had command of the regular forces declined to engage in a mere filibustering expedition, and sailed away to America. The riot that followed his departure was none of Ken Rohan's manufacture, and though he was taken red-handed, he was in fact fighting on the side of law and order. Lord Drumshaughlin, the Irish peer, has courage, and once had character, but he had allowed himself to become the instrument of evil for the land from the resources of which he derived his revenues. His son is shot dead almost before his eyes, his wife is faithless, and he himself is only saved from ruin by the energy and wealth of an English ironmaster. There are several girls, as might indeed be expected in "When we were Boys." They are delightful girls, but are early made acquainted with failure, and see their lovers, brothers, and heroes stricken down in their teens. It is a melancholy book—were it not so, it would not be truly Irish. But as we have said, it is not a hopeless melancholy. The hope in the book is a new element in Irish literature. The Celts are no longer persuaded they must always fall. They have found they need not cross the Atlantic for friendship. They believe misunderstanding is soon to cease. This cheerful faith possessed the prisoner in his cell, and he used the ink he owed to English public opinion to write the story we commend to the English reader. It cannot fail to teach him a great deal. Its whole tone and temper is in itself instructive. We will not say that fiction below the gangway is better than falsehood on the Treasury Bench, for "When we were Boys" is not a party book; but it may be safely said that almost anything is better than the heated, vindictive, and often ill-considered discussions which go by the name of Irish debates.

Nothing is pleasanter in "When we were Boys" than its piety. It is highly agreeable in a book written in English to encounter the pleasant odours of the old religion which we have now become disposed to associate solely with a foreign tongue. Here is not the heated and nervous dogmatism of the pervert—never quite comfortable in his new vestments, always a little bit afraid of Her Majesty's Privy Council; nor the too fervid strain of the monk, but the charm and ease of the *ami de la maison*, who is both by birth and habit very much at home with the Catholic mysteries.

There is much significance in those passages of the book which treat of the relations of the clergy and the people. The whole description and account of Monsignor McGrudder is exceedingly clever. Everybody should read the seventeenth chapter—"Monsignor McGrudder's Anathema"—if they read no more. So long as Mother Church is content always to be in company with Mother Country, the latter old lady will be content to give the former the *pas*, but if Mother Church is not so content, she will have to submit, even as Monsignor had to submit to the cut direct from a hitherto very humble and obedient servant.

Another admirable character-sketch is the American—Captain Mike MacCarthy. America is here piled on the top of old Ireland with great cunning.

"Rather 'tain't bragging—it's advertising. What's a new country like ours to do but advertise? She's bet out of the market unless she advertises. It's all well for your crowd to hold your tongues about your battles, an' look modest—silence comes easier to you than descriptive particulars. I don't say nothing agen it—but your advertising's done for you—you've had your historians booming along ever so many centuries now—had a'most all the lying to yourselves. Consequence is, you're a great nation—you've only got to hold your tongue for people to believe Battles of Waterloo about you. We're only beginners—we're not above writin' our own puffs, and stickin' our own bills—else I'd like to know who's goin' to hear that Gettysburg was a bigger day's work than Waterloo! No, sir, we ain't ashamed of advertising honest goods. And our work on the Potomac was real honest. I can tell you them that came out alive deserved the remarks of the *Gettysburg Evening Telegram*."

Father Phil's expedition up the mountain-side in the pouring rain to the hut amongst the rocks of Cnocanacurragh-cooish to administer the last sacraments to an old woman who, when he gets there, he discovers sitting by the hob with her tea-pot, is described with great feeling. So also is Toby Glascock, the Attorney-General who in his youth had composed a seditious poem. Joshua Neville, the English ironmaster of Quaker origin, seems taken from the life.

The book abounds in sayings which are food for thought. Owing to its excessive length, it is somewhat of an effort to read it all through from beginning to end without skipping a single word; but no one who tries his best to do this will regret his effort. He will lay down "When we were Boys" well disposed to say "God save Ireland and confound her enemies."

### AITKEN'S LIFE OF STEELE.

THE LIFE OF RICHARD STEELE. By George A. Aitken. Two vols. London: Isbister. 1890.

THE irony of fortune has seldom been more conspicuous than in the chance which, allotting Steele's life to Mr. Aitken's pen, has provided a scapegrace hero with an exemplary biographer. The contrast between the pair is the most piquant thing in the book—piquant enough to gratify the literary palate throughout with a subtle flavour of suppressed amusement, an admirable antidote to the shortcomings which are wont to accompany an infinite capacity for taking pains. Were there any justice in the identification of this valuable faculty with genius, Mr. Aitken would indeed be a genius of the first order. That his work should, after all, be so much superior to the ordinary achievements of mere plodding diligence must be ascribed, partly to his chivalrous devotion to his subject, partly to the charming incongruity between the biographer's solid virtues and his hero's amiable frailty. Mr. Aitken seems the appropriate biographer of a bishop or a chancellor. That such a man should have written the life of a careless literary Bohemian is remarkable; that the self-imposed task should have been performed in a spirit of such kindly humanity is a phenomenon which, even more than it excites surprise, extorts respect.

It is not, then, in a literary point of view that Mr. Aitken's work appears to us chiefly commendable. The composition is respectable, nothing more; and there seems a total want of the power of drawing character, or investing persons and incidents with the atmosphere of their times. Its qualities are rather moral qualities—the sympathy which has allured the biographer to his task; the chivalry with which he devotes himself to the vindication of, as he conceives, a maligned and underrated man; and the conscientious industry which must abash more easy-going writers. He has had able predecessors, especially Mr. Austin Dobson, whose charming memoir he mentions with due acknowledgment. But no one before him has made a systematic investigation of every nook out of which a fact or a rumour about Steele's life, or the life of any of his connections, could possibly be ferreted. The appendix alone, with its pattern bibliography, its family particulars, and its reprint of the music of Steele's songs, would make a respectable minor book.

Mr. Aitken's mere enumeration of the new sources of information of which he has availed himself, shows what pains are incident to conscience in biography. He has been to the Record Offices both of London and Dublin, and has found details of Steele's numberless lawsuits, throwing light, not only on the labyrinth of his pecuniary affairs, but, from their frequent connection with his dramatic speculations, on the history of the theatre also. This department of the biography is further helped by the Lord Chamberlain's dramatic calendar, while in the Probate Registry at Somerset House, Mr. Aitken finds "among many other things, the clue to the name of Steele's first wife." Inquiries respecting the same lady take him to Barbados, and her successor sends him to Carmarthen. The principal store of new information, however, is the mass of hitherto unpublished MSS. to which Mr. Aitken has had access, especially the papers in the Duke of Marlborough's possession, "about one hundred in number, chiefly in Steele's writing, and consisting of letters, drafts, verses, and memoranda of all descriptions." Mr. Aitken has also acquired all the pamphlets relating to Steele in the late Mr. Solly's collection not already possessed by himself; and highly interesting unpublished portraits of Steele, Lady Steele, her mother, and Steele's three children, adorn the book.

What is the total result of such pertinacious diligence? Has Mr. Aitken achieved his laudable design of rehabilitating his hero? So far as rehabilitation is really requisite, yes. If any were disposed to sneer at Steele, Mr. Aitken will have checked them. He has depicted a character faulty and inconsistent in action, but high and generous in principle. The errors of such a man are no subject for scoffs or sneers. But we are inclined to doubt whether the general estimate of Steele's character was ever so low as Mr. Aitken assumes. Macaulay, indeed, dealt a heavy blow at him, but we are not so certain that he dealt him a heavy blow. Everyone knows that the brilliant essayist, incomparable in seizing and stating the most obvious aspect of an era or a character, seldom cares to go much deeper; and that, if he stopped to nicely adjust his censure or his praise, it would be all over with his fascinating rhetoric. We imagine that Mr. Aitken really found Steele very much as he has left him, a fit companion for two out of the other three great Irish humourists of the eighteenth century, Goldsmith and Sterne; morally a little behind the former, a great deal before the latter; an honourable insolvent, a virtuous man about town; more amiable, if less exemplary, than if he had been the "Christian Hero" he was falsely supposed to have represented himself. The character of a Christian hero who is seldom out of the tavern or the spunging-house was too good; the wits refused to part with it, and Steele never recovered from the ridicule which he had drawn upon himself. In fact, however, he had never sought to portray himself in such a character. He had simply sketched an unattained ideal, in the hope, perhaps, that the effort might help to render it attainable. This was surely laudable; but he should not have published until he could feel certain that his inconsistencies would not explode his ideal and condemn himself. If Mr. Aitken effects no important modification in our view of Steele the man, still less is this the case as respects Steele the writer. There is little literary criticism in his book, and nothing to alter the prevalent, and as we think just, view which, while admitting Steele's claim to literary immortality as a humourist, places him not only below his friend and rival Addison, but in a lower class. The comparison with Swift, Goldsmith, and Sterne would be still less favourable to him. If this estimate is modified by Mr. Aitken, it will be by the imposing aspect of his volumes. We have to discover that Steele's writings are far from occupying an equal proportion of them with his quarrels and his debts.

Some of the most interesting of Mr. Aitken's discoveries relate to Steele's second wife; the first makes no figure in his history. The lady, Mary Scurlock, in a letter to her mother asking her consent to her marriage, in which, most curiously, she never mentions the name of her betrothed, speaks with incredible disdain of "that wretched impudence, H. O." "Who, lest we should think God had not wholly forsaken him, had the boldness to send me a letter which I had the very last post. I tore it without once reading it, he being beneath my scornful laugh." Mr. Aitken has identified this blighted being with Henry Owen, barrister and J.P. in "County Carmarthen," who three years and a half previously had brought a suit in the Consistorial Court of London against Mary Scurlock for breach of contract of marriage. He had evidently failed to prove his case, and perhaps his subsequent pertinacity may have contributed to drive the lady into the arms of Steele. The marriage was certainly precipitate. The parental blessing is sought on August 16, 1707; the ceremony is performed on or about September 9; on October 13 Steele has to apologise for "acts of rebellion," apparently numerous, and by the following August is finding it very irksome to have to account for every minute of his time, and for everything that he did. He comforts himself by considering "that good nature added to that beautiful form God has given you would make an happiness too great for humane life." He has built or bought a country house, borrowing a thousand pounds from Addison for the purpose, and discovers that his pursuits and interests require him to live very much in town. "You must not expect me to-night, but I will write by the penny post," is the concentrated essence of much of his correspondence; the spirit of much else is summed up in sentences like these: "Take confidence in that Being who has promised protection to the good and virtuous when afflicted. Mr. Glover accommodates me with the money." Yet the ill-assorted couple were never estranged, and Steele sincerely revered his wife.

It is in such domestic passages, including the story of Steele's unfortunate speculations, and the harsh conduct of the Government towards him with respect to his theatrical patent, that the entertainment of Mr. Aitken's book principally consists. The more strictly literary portion, however, if not equally amusing, is



valuable. We must highly appreciate the diligence with which everything has been traced out that can illustrate Steele's participation in the *Spectator* and *Tatler*, his quarrel with Swift, and the strange story of the execution put into his house by Addison, which, strangest of all, caused no interruption in their friendship. Mr. Aitken accepts the tale, while protesting against Macaulay's exaggerations. We are further indebted to him for reminding us of the regard entertained for Steele by Hoadly, who was willing to have been his executor. Interesting, too, are the anecdotes of the last days of our *Beau-marchais manqué* in his retirement at Carmarthen, where "his kindness and love of giving pleasure to others remained to the end, though he was enfeebled both in mind and body." It was indeed the essential and indestructible part of the man, surviving his itch for speculation, his aspirations after Christian heroism, and even his weakness for cards and the bottle. In his capacity as author, his infirmities rank among his virtues; and he will live by his geniality, even more than by his genius.

### JOHNSTON'S "UNITED STATES."

THE UNITED STATES: ITS HISTORY AND CONSTITUTION. By Alexander Johnston, late Professor of Jurisprudence and Political Economy in Princeton College. London: Blackie & Sons. 1890.

THIS little volume is a reprint of the article "United States" contributed by the late Professor Alexander Johnston, of Princeton College, New Jersey, to the last edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." Whoever has read any of Mr. Johnston's previous works, and particularly his admirably clear and concise little historical sketch called "American Politics," knows how accurate and careful he was, and will join in the very widespread regret which his early death caused in America. The book before us is not written to attract the casual reader; it is business-like from beginning to end, with a touch of dryness, inevitable where the scale of the narrative compels compression, and leaves no space for dwelling fully on the more interesting situations and characters. But it is a very useful and trustworthy performance, not only exact and well proportioned, but pervaded by a genuine historical spirit. The author sees details in the light of principles, and while narrating events does not forget to explain tendencies. And he has that large and free outlook which American historians have too frequently wanted. He restrains his patriotism when describing the revolutionary war, and though distinctly Northern in his sympathies, and disposed, as we should think, rather to underrate the strength of the constitutional case which the South had, he tells with perfect fairness the story of the agitation which led up to the War of Secession. The style is clear, plain, and simple—in fact, the style of a good encyclopædia article, and the book, taken all in all, seems to us the most satisfactory book of its size upon its subject. No one who was not a thorough master of that subject could have put so much solid matter into so small a bulk.

### THE PRIVY COUNCIL.

ACTS OF THE PRIVY COUNCIL OF ENGLAND. New Series. Vol. I. A.D. 1542—1547. London: Eyre & Spottiswoode. 1890. (Price 10s.)

SINCE Sir Harris Nicolas, in 1837, first began the publication of the Proceedings of the Privy Council in England, the nature of that interesting and puzzling institution has become better known to that equally interesting, puzzling, and puzzled person who is often referred to as "the ordinary" or "the general" reader.

The ordinary or general reader is a most deserving creature. He may be seen any day of the week marching home from Mudie's with large volumes under his arm. His sole need and his only cry is Teaching. But the teaching must be direct and explicit, not wanting in emphasis, nor afraid of repetition. Allusion, innuendo, are thrown away upon the ordinary reader. If you want him to know anything, you must tell it him outright, and in order to do this you must first know it yourself.

The historians who were most in vogue in 1837 held hazy views about the Privy Council, and had no great acquaintance with the minutes of its Proceedings. The little they did know they did not like. It made them uneasy. Our Constitution was known to be a free Constitution, the peculiar growth of English

soil, and its historians were consequently always on the look-out for freedom's germs. These they escorted down the ages with the utmost politeness. It was sarcastically said of these historians that they appeared to think that the England of the Plantagenets was inhabited by three shadowy figures who flitted mysteriously about, murmuring, "I am 'No Taxation without Representation,'" and "I 'Trial by Jury,' and 'I 'Habeas Corpus.'" This may be a little exaggerated, but it must be admitted that the writers to whom we are referring were apt to shun the record of the Government day by day, and to regard the exercise of the Royal Prerogative, though at the time never called into question and of constant occurrence, as an irritating excrescence, a heretical and false development, which was best left alone as being only calculated to obscure the true teaching of our history. As the younger Brooke in "Tom Brown's School-days" exercised his discretion as a sixth-form boy by only stopping a fight when the school-house boy was getting the worst of it, so our Whig historians seldom dilated upon the Royal Prerogatives, except when or as preparatory to their coming into conflict with Parliamentary privileges, and sharing the same fate as Slogger Williams—namely being thrown heavily.

This conventional way of looking at our Constitution was indeed totally disregarded by Mr. John Allen, Lady Holland's pet Atheist, in his inquiry into the "Rise and Growth of the Royal Prerogative in England," published in 1830, and by Mr. David Jardine in his "Reading on the Use of Torture in the Criminal Law of England," published in 1837; but neither of these books, though small in bulk and weighty in style, attracted the attention of the ordinary reader, who could hardly be expected from the pages of Mr. Hallam to get any firm grasp of the part played in our pre-Commonwealth history by the King's Council. The ordinary reader was accustomed to leave the subject of the Privy Council alone as something demanding original research, a pastime for which he had no predilection, preferring (as he does) to read his history in octavo volumes.

But we have changed all this. Of late years we have enjoyed unrivalled opportunities of getting at the facts of history divorced from political theories. The Bishop of Oxford, Mr. Freeman, Mr. Dicey, and others are all as free as mortal men may be from the cardinal error of expanding or contracting our past history in order to make it lie down upon a post-revolutionary bed. These writers have explained to us the character and actions of the King's Council.

The new series of Proceedings before the Privy Council, the first volume of which has just been published under the editorship of Mr. John Roche Dasent, and comprises the minutes taken between the years 1542—1547, therefore stands a better chance of being generally read than did the earlier series at the date of its publication.

The preface to the volume is short. If any reader feels he needs a longer one, he cannot do better than read Mr. Dicey's small book on the Privy Council (Macmillan, 1887). He will then be told quite enough to make Mr. Dasent's volume intelligible and interesting.

Under the Norman kings the *Curia Regis*, with the king—not infrequently a hard-working king—at the head of it, governed the country, as our State Departments and Judges govern it now. It was the Home Office, the Foreign Office, the Treasury, the Board of Trade, the High Court of Justice, all in one. It likewise, in conjunction with the Great Council of the Nation, of which it naturally formed an important part, made the laws, which, having helped to make, it proceeded to enforce. Like all living bodies, it developed in various directions. The High Court of Justice, if we may in such a connection use a phrase of such damnable novelty, sprang out of the *Curia Regis*, as a separate institution. Later on one of the chief officers of the *Curia Regis*, the Lord Chancellor, assumed a separate equitable jurisdiction which was destined to become known and abhorred as the Court of Chancery. Finally the great Council of the Nation, or Parliament, became a National Convention of Representatives, with national, and not merely administrative, aims and ends. Despite all these changes, the old Council remained—no mere Rump, but performing important functions of government, and without having ever renounced the rights, if rights they can be called, which the course of events had devolved upon separate institutions not incapable of jealousy of their parent.

To trace the history of the King's Council is here impossible. It is enough to say that it has a history vital and important, and concerned itself with almost every kind of business, public and private. Mr. Dicey observes that finance, trade, and the keeping of the king's peace were amongst the chief concerns of the Council. The last head was no sinecure during the Wars of

the Roses, and to perform their duty, the Council exercised without doubt or demur judicial powers. They summoned parties before them, put them to the question, and punished them by fine or imprisonment.

Mr. Dasent ranks the majority of the entries contained in the volume he has just edited under five heads—First, the English Pale in France; second, the Scottish Border; third, the Guardianship of the Narrow Seas; fourth, Commercial Regulations; and fifth, Financial Measures. During the five years recorded in the present volume the Council met upwards of 450 times, and transacted business, sometimes of great, sometimes of small importance. The most regular attendants appear to have been Lord Russell, the Great Admiral of England; Gardiner, the Bishop of Winchester; Lord St. John; Sir Thomas Cheyney, the Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports; Sir John Gage, the Comptroller of the Household; Sir Anthony Browne, the Master of Horse; Sir Anthony Wingfield, the Vice-Chamberlain; Sir Thomas Wrothesley; and Mr. (afterwards Sir) William Paget.

It would be impossible in the compass of a short notice to give any adequate notion of the endless variety of matters which engaged the attention of the Council during these five years. The affairs of Calais and Boulogne, Jews, Scotsmen (then spelt Skottishemen), disputes of a private character as, for example, the maintenance for a wife, or the course of a drain; wine, soap, cheese and butter, recognisances innumerable, lewd books, lewd women, travellers—gipsies, apprentices, all these things keep cropping up.

There is no instance in the present volume of the one hideous blot upon the Privy Council which has made its name and the name of the Star Chamber—which was but a Committee of the Privy Council—shameful and hateful—the use of torture. Of its exercise of this abominable practice there is, of course, no question. Still, Mr. Jardine's little book cannot be read too often. It is a painful book to read. It is terrible to think of Francis Bacon putting Peacham to the torture, and of the sufferings of Campion in this our free England. When we remember that Archbishop Laud was an advocate of the practice we do not quarrel with his execution.

The Privy Council still exists, but any important functions it may perform, it performs by virtue of powers conferred upon it by statute. Its glory has therefore departed. The Church of England, after a belated fashion, goes on praying Sunday after Sunday with wearisome iteration that the Lords of the Council may be endued with wisdom and understanding. A list of these lords may be found on page 87 of Whitaker's Almanack. Some of them are very clever men, and some very stupid. But so far as they are only Privy Councillors it does not matter a bit which they are. They are a harmless race, hardly worth praying for. Baron de Worms was lately made one for his sugar exploits.

#### FREE WILL AND DETERMINISM.

ESSAI SUR LES DONNÉES IMMÉDIATES DE LA CONSCIENCE. Par Henri Bergson. Paris: Félix Alcan. 1890.

THIS book is an ingenious defence of the theory of free will. The author attempts to undermine the determinist's position by showing that it is based upon a fictitious view of the nature of mental life. A free act is, according to his definition, an act which springs from the whole nature of the self. The motive to a free act must therefore be a motive which derives its power from its relation to the total character of the agent. So far most enlightened determinists would agree with Professor Bergson. The peculiarity of his position is that he endeavours to deduce from this conception of freedom the unconditioned and unpredictable nature of free action. The main line of his argument is as follows:—Our mental life is a continuous process of inward development. It is impossible to explain this incessant flux as due to the varying combination of fixed elements analogous to material atoms. Each distinguishable factor in mental process is itself subject to modification from moment to moment. Each idea, impulse, &c., exists only in relation to the total self, and changes continuously as the self changes. It follows that there is no uniformity in the mental life which can afford a basis for scientific prediction. Such uniformity implies the recurrence of identical conditions; but in the history of the individual mind identical conditions never do recur. The course of inner life is therefore essentially unpredictable. Professor Bergson thinks that it is also undetermined, and he fastens the *onus probandi* on his opponents.

They cannot appeal to experience, from the nature of the case. Hence, if they are to establish their point, they must show that each preceding phase of mental process logically involves each succeeding phase, as the definition of a circle logically involves the properties of a circle. But rational necessity of this kind is, according to Professor Bergson, confined to space relations and alien from the nature of development in time. The case of the determinists is therefore a hopeless one. The source of their fallacies lies, according to the author, in the inveterate tendency to assimilate mental phenomena to physical. It is convenient, for the purposes of ordinary life, to regard the continuous flow of mental activity as a series of discrete occurrences, each of which is capable of being repeated again and again in the same form. From this standpoint the argument for determinism seems irresistible; but the standpoint is a false one. Its special fallacy lies, according to Professor Bergson, in the attempt to represent the organic development of mind, in which each present moment absorbs in a modified form all precedent moments, as if it were constituted by occurrences in space, like the vibrations of a pendulum, which mutually exclude each other, so that when the second begins, the first, *ipso facto*, ceases to exist. Strictly speaking, there is no such thing as duration in the physical world, because in physical process only the transient instant of present time exists, to the exclusion of past and future. In the sphere of mind, on the other hand, the past, present, and future inter-penetrate each other, so that each moment of present time embodies the past. The vibrations of a pendulum are, as physical events, reciprocally exclusive. The beginning of one vibration implies the absolute cessation of prior vibrations. On the other hand, the experience of the conscious individual who is aware of these physical occurrences consists in a progressive development, in which each prior modification becomes in the next moment the subject of further modification. Thus we are often able to tell what hour is struck without counting the strokes, merely by the quality of the total impression made on our minds. It is only in virtue of the specific and enduring effect produced by each physical occurrence on the perceptive mind that we are enabled to regard physical phenomena as forming a time series embracing present, past, and future. On the other hand, the discrete and exclusive nature of the component parts of the physical series becomes in ordinary thinking surreptitiously transferred to the sphere of mind, so that we come to regard the continuous evolution of conscious life as broken up into a numerical plurality of separate events occurring in a kind of fictitious space analogous to physical space. Hence arise all the fallacies of determinism.

We have, we believe, given a fair account of Professor Bergson's principal positions. It is obvious that his argument, if it be worth anything at all, is fatal not only to the determinist theory of the will, but also to every attempt to construct a scientific psychology. This is probably Professor Bergson's real meaning. But he fails, we think, to see that his argument against psychological science is equally valid against all science. Science can move only in abstractions. What in reality is continuous change and continuous extension, becomes for it a plurality of relatively discrete changes and of detached figures in space with definite outlines. In this respect there is no essential difference between the flow of ideas and the motion of a body in space. It is futile to urge that the successive positions occupied by the body exclude each other, whereas the successive phases of mental process inter-penetrate each other. The total presentation of the movement includes the presentation of the whole path traversed by the moving body, and of the continuous process through which this takes place. If it is said that the synthesis of past and present stages of the movement can only exist for the knowing subject, and has therefore no physical reality, the reply is obvious—that each *present* phase of the process is also in the same sense relative to the knowing subject. There is, therefore, no more ground for holding that physical time is constituted by a series of vanishing instants than there is for regarding subjective time as so constituted. If progressive evolution is irreconcilable with scientific determinism in the world of mind, it is equally so in the world of matter. But the truth is, that the continuous inter-connection and inter-penetration of the successive phases of a process, whether physical or mental, is the very condition which renders it capable of scientific treatment. The uniform connection of discrete changes is, in truth, merely the form in which the continuity of real change presents itself to the analytic intelligence.

It is necessary to add, in conclusion, that Professor Bergson has done a very valuable piece of work. We know of no book on the libertarian side which treats the question at issue with so much depth and subtlety, or which deals with special problems of psychological analysis with more fineness and accuracy.



## SOME LIGHT LITERATURE.

1. THE BURNT MILLION. By James Payn. Three vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1890.
2. LADY FAINT-HEART. By H. B. Marriott Watson. Three vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1890.
3. MY LADY NICOTINE. By J. M. Barrie. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1890.

MR. JAMES PAYN is particularly apt at introducing a new and interesting idea as the motive of the whole or part of a novel. In "By Proxy" a peculiarity of Chinese law formed the groundwork of the story; in another book the talent for mimicry in one of the characters is of importance; in a third the plot depends to some extent on the invention of a mysterious ink. He looks upon a hollow tree, a camera obscura, or a clause in a life-insurance policy, with the eye of a confirmed story-teller, and finds in all sufficient material for interest. It is this, perhaps, which has partly caused his popularity as a novelist; it is certainly one reason for ranking him above some other novelists who, with more hackneyed ideas, have yet been scarcely less successful. It is necessary of course to defend popularity; one school of criticism has already decided that the voice of the people is the voice of a congenital idiot, and we know that any author who can be read is "a literary hodman." One would not be so rash as to deny the merits of peevish indecency; but one may point out that originality, wit, good-humour, and good taste, almost reconcile us to the absence of that grand quality.

"The Burnt Million" tells us by its title something of the motive of the story; but Mr. Payn is not quite enough of a novice to put into three words what can be better said in three volumes. It is an ingenious title. For it tells us that a million was burnt; and it makes us ask how or why. We commence to read the novel in order that we may satisfy our curiosity as to these points and then go to bed. But long before we reach the answers to these two questions, several other questions have started up, and they all want answering. A mysterious examiner, something not ourselves, that makes for the third volume, asks imperiously:

1. What are the probabilities of her marrying (a) Lord Cheribert, (b) Mr. Walter Sinclair, (c) neither?
2. What are the precise terms on which Mr. Edward Roscoe stood in regard to (a) Agnes, (b) Philippa?
3. Was there any mystery in connection with the death of Mr. Joseph Tremehere? If so, what mystery?
4. What do you know of Robert Vernon? And do you not wish that you knew a little more?

All these questions have to be answered, and all these three volumes have to be read for the purpose of satisfying that mysterious examiner, that tendency to get at the bottom of things. Mr. James Payn writes with an experienced hand and an eye to his third volume. The first is an amusement, the second is an interest, but the third is a sheer necessity. The book, like every other book that has yet been written, has its weak points. The women are not so natural as the men—although one may have noticed this in real life—and when any character has a fair chance to be witty, he does not exercise the self-restraint which our general impression of him makes seem more probable; and, finally, a man in a canoe cannot correctly be described as using an oar. But our thanks are due to the author for a bright, healthy, and interesting story. We have already referred to the fact—which, we believe, is generally known—that Mr. James Payn has written other books. "The Burnt Million" makes us hope that he will write many more.

It is not possible to give such high praise to "Lady Faint-Heart." It commences with an introduction which is partly in the style of John Bunyan and partly in ordinary conversational English. This is very painful, and the end of the first volume is reached before the reader entirely recovers. He will then probably have formed the opinion that he has got into a curiously unequal book. The English of some of the sentences is abominably slipshod, and yet many expressions in the book are peculiarly felicitous. One of the characters, Winifred, is excellently drawn and quite lifelike. Other characters and some incidents disclose a knowledge of life which is by no means so full or accurate as it should be. A good-humoured sportsman may possibly be amused with some of the second volume. Two of the characters, Holroyd and Millicent, considered fox-hunting to be a cruel sport. They met a hunted fox while they were out driving, and out of sheer pity wrapped it up in a rug and put it in the carriage. The hounds drew nearer.

"Drive on, drive on!" he said, hastily. "Drive to the village and give it in charge of the innkeeper."

The word innkeeper is a pleasant surprise after 'give it in charge'; but he took the fox in charge, and it was put in a box. Now some innkeepers would not have done that, for obvious reasons. And if they did do it, they would probably get themselves disliked. Holroyd remained behind to deliver a short lecture to the hunt, and the master then set the hounds on him. But Holroyd happened to have a beef-steak in his left-hand pocket. It was a parcel which he had removed from the carriage. So the hounds would not eat him, but followed him mildly. One of the whips tried to interfere, but Holroyd "brandished an arm at him." Holroyd took the hounds to the inn, where they do not appear to have noticed the presence of their fox within a few yards of them. He divided the steak among the hounds; and, finally, a gentleman who held no official position gave the order to "call off the dogs."

Yet this is a serious book. It is not written to prove that those who interfere with a hunt should always have a beef-steak in their left-hand pocket. It shows us rather that "advanced" theories must be abandoned after a volume or so of consideration. "The New Antigone" taught much the same lesson, and taught it better. Modern fiction has made us a little weary of the patent reversible agnostic.

With all its faults—which are many—this must be considered a book of some promise. To those of its merits which we have already mentioned, the author adds a capacity for occasionally writing bright and probable conversations. The third volume is not without pathos; but the book is very unequal.

To the ordinary reader Mr. Barrie's "My Lady Nicotine" may seem to be merely a humorous book. But for the good smoker it has besides a really pathetic interest. It is the story of one who had begun well, who was doing his best to make life one long sweet smoke, and who yet fell away in the end, and gave up the practice for a totally unworthy reason. The last two chapters are headed "My Last Pipe," and "When my Wife is Asleep and all the House is Still." Filled with the great sadness that these two chapters inspired, we are in no mood for criticism. Mr. Barrie is a charming and brilliant essayist; his fun is no ordinary fun; his habit of noticing small points in character is bewitching. But these things are nothing worth. We can only think of the awful loneliness of a man who has married and given up tobacco.

But we gather from internal evidence that this man smoked a mixture which cost nine shillings a pound. Such a price might well arouse the jealousy of the gods. And perhaps, if he had not given up smoking, we should have missed a very delightful book. "Jimmy's Dream" was the chapter which made us laugh out loud the most. As a general rule, Mr. Barrie's humour leads us rather to a low, almost inaudible, chuckle. The letters of Primus to his uncle seem as if they must really have been written by a school-boy. But it is almost impossible to select chapters. The book should be read straight through, and then picked up at intervals and opened anywhere. Wherever it is opened it will please.

## FIRST IMPRESSIONS.\*

ABOUT fourteen years ago there was published an interesting memoir of Lord Althorp, by the late Sir Denis Le Marchant; he wrote from the standpoint of intimate personal friendship, and as he was at one time private secretary to "Honest Jack," he possessed special qualifications for his task. Mr. Ernest Myers, in the monograph which he has just published on "Lord Althorp," draws largely from this well-known biography, as well as from the histories, memoirs, and essays which describe or illustrate the men and movements of the time. Lord Spencer has given Mr. Myers access to a large collection of his uncle's letters to and from William IV., Lord Grey, and Lord Brougham, and this gives a special value to the little volume. In spite of the honourable part which Lord Althorp took in promoting Catholic Emancipation

\* LORD ALTHORP. By Ernest Myers. London: Richard Bentley & Son. Crown 8vo. HAVELOCK. By Archibald Forbes. "English Men of Action." Portrait. London: Macmillan & Co. Crown 8vo. (2s. 6d.)

THE TWO BISHOPS: A WELCOME AND A MEMORY. By Charles Bullock, B.D. Portraits. Home Words Publishing Office. Crown 8vo. (1s.)

BY ORDER OF THE CZAR. By Joseph Hatton. Three vols. London: Hutchinson & Co. Crown 8vo. (31s. 6d.)

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THE ANGLO-AMERICAN ANNUAL. A Directory and Handbook for Residents in Paris. 1890. Paris: Neale's Library. London and New York: Brentano's.

INDEX VOLUME TO THE TRANSACTIONS OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF EDINBURGH, FROM ITS FOUNDATION IN 1783 TO 1888. Edinburgh: Neill & Co. Quarto. (21s.)





# THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1890.

## NOTES OF THE DAY.

WITH a great flourish of their own trumpets, the Liberal Unionists—who still, it seems, look upon MR. GOSCHEN as one of themselves—have dined together this week to celebrate the fortunate restoration to health of their leader, LORD HARTINGTON. The most striking feature of their demonstration was the Pharisaism which characterised the language of the various speeches. "Lord, we thank Thee that we are not as these men are!" was the note universally heard. It is a new note in English political life—and not a pleasant one. We can understand and rightly estimate its presence in the leading columns of papers like the *Times*; but it is rather painful to find that it is the prevalent note in the utterances of an important political party. After all, no Liberal Unionist of average intelligence in his heart believes that either Mr. GLADSTONE or any other member of the Liberal party is intentionally animated by wicked motives, or that the standard of personal morality among those Liberals who wish to apply to Ireland the principles which Englishmen apply in most parts of our Empire, is lower than it is among the little band of devotees who regard Devonshire House as their Mecca, and LORD HARTINGTON as their inspired leader. It is consoling, however, to reflect that when the Liberal Unionists meet their impending doom, they will be sustained by that perfect conviction of their own superhuman virtue which enabled the martyrs of old to face the flames of Smithfield with fortitude.

THE debate on the licensing proposals of the Government was chiefly remarkable on Monday and Tuesday for the total failure of Ministerial speakers to adduce reasons why the holders of licences should be deemed entitled either legally or equitably to any vested interest giving a claim to compensation. MR. RITCHIE, in moving the second reading, scarcely touched the question, confining himself to trivialities, and taking shelter behind the skirts of a denominational Temperance Society. The Solicitor-General similarly avoided this capital issue, seeking only to explain away the decision in *SHARPE v. WAKEFIELD*, and relieving the thinness of argument by no less threadbare sneers at SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT. MR. CAINE's weighty array of facts and arguments remained unanswered. So on Tuesday MR. LONG made no attempt to meet the points put by MR. RATHBONE and MR. BRYCE. The Government, though they will no doubt have a sufficient second reading majority, must be by this time sorry that they have again fluttered so near the flame which singed them in 1888.

MR. CAINE, having been charged by the *Standard* with declaring that he would gladly "wreck the Union" rather than agree to the compensation of the publicans, has addressed a letter to that journal which contains a very hard nut. He begins by denying that the fate of the Union is irrevocably bound up with the fate of the present Government. "I believe that the fate of the Union is in the hands of the electors of the constituencies." As to party loyalty demanding blind obedience to a leader, he says, "If ever any individual leader had a claim on me for such 'loyalty' as you ask for, that leader was MR. GLADSTONE; but when I and others believing him

wrong went against him on Home Rule, you had nothing but praise for us in your leading columns." Finally, referring to the plea that "Unionists" of every shade must combine to keep the present Government in office, no matter what sins it may commit, MR. CAINE pertinently asks why, if the Conservatives believe the country is behind them, they are afraid of a dissolution, and reminds them that "if the country is not behind them, they have no right on the Treasury Bench." It is all put in a nut-shell; but, as we have said, it is a very hard nut nevertheless.

PUBLIC feeling on the subject of the Government proposal for compensating publicans has been displayed in many different forms during the past week. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, and we believe most Members of Parliament, have continued to receive shoals of letters and telegrams protesting in the strongest terms against the iniquity of applying the funds of the nation to such a purpose; the Congregational Union has passed a resolution condemning the proposal; the London County Council has voted urgency for a similar motion, and in different parts of the country full expression has been given to the indignation which Ministers have succeeded in arousing against themselves. A Hyde Park demonstration on the subject is also announced.

ON Wednesday afternoon the Nationalist members took the Government by surprise, and secured a notable victory. The Labourers' Cottages (Ireland) Bill presumably deserves support on its merits, since two Ulster Conservatives spoke in its favour—MR. MACARTNEY and MR. MULHOLLAND—besides its Nationalist supporters. Other Ulster members opposed it mainly on the ground that it tended to forestall part of the Land Purchase Bill—a tactical mistake which only served to emphasise the subsequent disaster to the Government. A motion for adjournment having been defeated, and the Closure moved by MR. PARNELL, but refused by the Speaker, MR. BALFOUR apparently attempted to talk against time. But his supporters meanwhile did not arrive, and the second reading was carried without a division. It is true MR. BALFOUR said that the Government would pay no attention to this fact. But it may be found to have important technical consequences during the Committee stage of the Land Purchase Bill. And what is to be said of the Parliamentary management of a Government which allows its supporters to go away into the country, or to fritter their energies in extolling one another at the Crystal Palace, in the face of such watchful and energetic adversaries as the Irish Nationalists?

MR. GLADSTONE's letter to MR. C. A. FYFFE on the question of the Liberal party and the agricultural labourers, disposes effectually of that which is, perhaps, the most ridiculous pretence ever put forward on behalf of a political faction. It is the contention of MR. CHAMBERLAIN and his friend MR. JESSE COLLINGS, that the real cause of the defeat of the Tory Government in February, 1866, was the allotments question, and that MR. GLADSTONE and his colleagues were guilty of some great act of betrayal, when on coming into office they failed to make it their first business to bring in an Allotments Bill. No more absurd proposition was ever

offered to the world by sane men. MR. COLLINGS's motion unquestionably gave the Liberal Opposition the opportunity they wanted of putting the Ministry at once out of existence, but it was on the Irish Question and the Irish Question alone that the struggle turned. As for the personal aspect of the matter, MR. GLADSTONE pithily remarks, "I made my public declaration on behalf of allotments in 1832, when MR. COLLINGS was just born." It is the stupidity rather than the unfairness of the arguments of MR. CHAMBERLAIN and MR. COLLINGS on this question that strikes one with surprise.

MR. GLADSTONE, speaking on Monday at a meeting in honour of MR. T. B. POTTER, expressed the view that the period of struggle and the period of triumph through which the cause of Free Trade had passed were to be succeeded by a period of danger. Much of the mischief the right hon. gentleman attributed to "the dreadful militarism which lies like an incubus, like a vampire upon Europe." There were consolations, however, in a survey of the situation, and some of these MR. GLADSTONE did not fail to point out.

SPEAKING at Ramsgate on Wednesday, SIR GEORGE TREVELYAN effectively supplemented LORD HARTINGTON's plea for reform on the old lines of Liberalism at the Crystal Palace on the previous day by enumerating a few of the items in the present Liberal programme which the Dissident Liberals are now bound to disregard. MR. GOSCHEN, speaking to a large meeting (apparently of county rather than borough electors) at Northampton the same evening, wisely confined himself to generalities as to the dangers to our foreign policy involved in "the separation of Ireland"—he neglected, of course, the dangers involved in its present state—to the "sentimentality" ascribed to the Liberal party, and to the supposed dangers in which its success would involve our Colonial Empire. He mentioned, indeed, MR. SCHNADHORST's eulogium of LORD SALISBURY's foreign policy as regards Portugal; but he failed to see that it is typical of the change that has come over the spirit of the younger Liberals. When Government is thoroughly democratic, and it is clear that foreign policy is not dictated by the sentiments or interests of a class, a democracy is quite as "patriotic" as any other State.

THE Conservatives, who usually scoff at "moral victories" at bye-elections, determined to win one last week in East Bristol, believing that the majority of 1,736 (not quite two to one) by which the late MR. HANDEL COSSHAM was returned in 1886 was largely due to his personal popularity. The result was in some respects the most crushing reverse of the almost unbroken series they have experienced. They had a strong local candidate, and the situation was complicated by a representative of the so-called Labour party, who, though repudiated by most of the responsible labour leaders, received 602 votes. Yet the Liberal candidate, SIR JOSEPH WESTON, was returned by a majority of 2,875 over the Conservative candidate—611 more than in 1885, 1,139 more than in 1886. No doubt part of this amazing increase was due to the compensation clauses of the Government licensing scheme; but SIR JOSEPH WESTON states (in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of last Wednesday) that the election turned mainly on Ireland.

ORDINARILY, of course, so very large an increase would not afford a safe basis for inference as to adjacent cases. But the Liberal total is not much in excess of that of 1885, while the Conservative total is 485 less. Now, a return to the figures of 1885 in the adjacent constituencies of South Bristol (SIR

JOSEPH WESTON's former constituency) and South Gloucestershire would win them for the Liberals; while North Bristol—now represented by a Liberal Unionist—may probably be trusted to change its mind also.

ANOTHER bye-election decided this week—that of Mid-Tipperary—has been wisely used by the Nationalist leaders to illustrate the peculiar respect for the ministers of the law which MR. BALFOUR's policy has inspired in Ireland. MR. HENRY HARRISON, the new member, an undergraduate of Balliol, twenty-two years of age, was drawn into public life by the Irish police during the Easter Vacation of 1889, when he was arrested for supplying food to besieged and starving tenants on the Olphert estate. The case against him was abandoned by the authorities; but, thus brought into politics, he has since spoken a good deal at Liberal meetings in and near Oxford, and being a Belfast man, a Protestant, and (like MR. KNOX) connected with the official and landlord classes in Ireland, he should be from every point of view an excellent addition both to the Nationalist ranks and to the future Irish Parliament. On Wednesday, too, MR. JOHN ROCHE, the Nationalist candidate for the East Galway seat in succession to the late MR. MATTHEW HARRIS, was returned unopposed.

A GREAT meeting of the friends of the Women's Liberal Federation was held in London on Tuesday night, to hear the report of the work done by the Federation during the year; and to listen to speeches from LORD SPENCER, MR. DILLON, SIR WILFRID LAWSON, and MR. MUNDELLA. It is clear not only that the Federation is flourishing, but that it is doing work of a very valuable kind. It is true that it carefully avoids the tactics by means of which the Primrose League has attained an unenviable notoriety, but it is none the less effective as a means of rousing the interest of women in great social and political questions, and it is already exercising an important influence in many of our large communities.

NOW that the first exuberance of the welcome to MR. STANLEY is subsiding, we are beginning to hear much about the future of East Africa, and the possibility of turning the great explorer's powers to good account in that region. Curiously enough, as we note elsewhere, in Germany also public interest is being aroused in the same question. We have no desire to join those who seem to be converting this great question into one of the relative merits of EMIN and STANLEY. EMIN is absent; he has been the victim of singular ill-luck; he is in no sense a powerful person; and it is, therefore, fitting that Englishmen should say as little as possible about the personal aspect of his conduct towards MR. STANLEY. The latter has, upon the whole, preserved a dignified silence—in public, at all events—regarding EMIN, though he has hinted that there is a story which must be told eventually regarding that singular person. But the real question at issue is of an importance infinitely transcending that of the personal merits or demerits of EMIN PASHA; and it is well that English attention should have been directed to it so forcibly by MR. STANLEY's vigorous language and brilliant exploits.

EVERY allowance must be made for a lion whose smallest roar is received with shouts of approbation, and who has so long been debarred from the modes of relieving emotion which European life supplies. Still MR. STANLEY would do well to think a little more before he sets up the violence of German officers, and the rather sordid commercialism of German traders, as models for English imitation. We have done and are doing better work in Africa than the Germans show any sign of doing; and it is to be hoped that the



methods of DRAKE, suitable enough to the times he lived in, will not be attempted by any English adventurer, or tolerated by any English Government. The country which produced LIVINGSTONE, and which is now served in Africa by RHODES and MACKENZIE, and many other pioneers of peaceful enterprise, has nothing to learn from the Germans. Such faults as have been committed are due, not to any want of enterprise among Englishmen, nor to any want of courage in the nation, but to the disposition which LORD SALISBURY unhappily evinced to purchase the support of Germany in Egyptian and European affairs, by surrendering to BISMARCK the primacy which England enjoyed in East Africa.

THE news from Newfoundland during the week has been very disquieting. The English public, to be sure, in spite of the warnings which have been addressed to it by those journals which really know something of the Fisheries Question, refuses to take anything that may happen in Newfoundland seriously. Yet it is no light matter that practically the whole of the Newfoundland press, and the greater part of the inhabitants, should have ranged themselves in direct opposition to this country, and should be accusing Her Majesty's Government of having betrayed the vital interests of the island in order to curry favour with the French. Readers of THE SPEAKER know something of the difficulties with which our Foreign Office has to deal in connection with this most complicated and unpleasant affair, and we do not think that there will be any disposition in this country to re-echo the angry complaints of the Newfoundlanders; but it is clear that a fuller and more public discussion of the question is called for—if only to satisfy the Colonists that people at home are not altogether indifferent to their interests and their sentiments.

THE Vienna correspondent of the *Times* is not a person whose authority on questions of international policy is by any means indisputable. Indeed, everybody acquainted with Continental politics knows full well the untrustworthiness of Vienna rumours. Still, the tale which was told on Wednesday in the *Times* by its Vienna correspondent is sufficiently striking to deserve attention. It is to the effect that the Czar, whose hatred of Germany is said to have been really a hatred of PRINCE BISMARCK, and whose alliance with France was certainly not founded upon a liking for French institutions, has determined to revolutionise his foreign policy, and to come to a good understanding with the German Emperor. Of the importance of this news, if it be true, there can be no question; but when we remember all the difficulties which must lie in the way of the realisation of the Czar's project, and the impossibility of a return to the old Triple Alliance, unless either Russia or Austro-Hungary abandons its present Eastern policy, we are inclined to look upon the story as one which deals with vague aspirations rather than with practical schemes.

THE speech of COUNT VON MOLTKE on the German Army Bill in the Reichstag seems quite unnecessarily to have excited the alarm of people in this country. It seems to be forgotten that COUNT VON MOLTKE is not, and has never professed to be, a politician. He is a simple soldier, and when he dwells upon the fact that the next war between any of the great Powers of Europe must of necessity be a prolonged one, owing to the immense strength of the military system in each particular country, he certainly does not imply that war is likely. The case was altogether different when LORD BEACONSFIELD, on a well-known occasion, boasted of the power of England to go through three campaigns if necessary. LORD BEACONSFIELD was at the time the statesman who stood at the head of the nation, and the phrase he used was a direct threat to a Power with which we were at the time on bad terms. No such motive or intention can be

traced in COUNT VON MOLTKE's speech, and there is not the slightest reason why it should cause any alarm.

THE French Government has been bitterly attacked this week by the Extreme Left for the measures taken to repress disorder at the labour demonstrations on May Day. M. CONSTANS made a spirited reply, and obtained a vote of confidence by 394 to 57, the minority including M. CLEMENCEAU. Meanwhile the bye-elections—which are rather numerous just now, chiefly to replace unseated candidates—show that the existing *régime* is becoming more firmly established in popular favour. Boulangism has definitely collapsed after the events of last week, and the General has retired into private life as a country gentleman in Jersey.

NEXT year's census will tell us how many foreigners there really are among us. Meanwhile it would be well if the Government were asked what steps have been taken to carry out the enumeration of foreign immigrants (under the provisions of the Alien Act) which SIR MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH promised in the House of Commons in February last. The result would probably tend to allay the alarm felt by many people, and forcibly expressed by MR. ARNOLD WHITE in his letter in the *Times* of Monday. In March last (according to MR. LLEWELLYN SMITH's article in MR. BOOTH's work on "Life and Labour in East London") the immigration had practically ceased. Is there any evidence that it has recommenced?

THE directors of the Bank of England this week have kept their rate of discount at 3 per cent., for though gold is being received from South America, Lisbon, and Japan, much of it is being taken to France, where the demand is very strong, and the demand is likely to increase when the funding loan is brought out. Besides, there is a fear that large amounts of the metal will before long be sent to Buenos Ayres. In the meantime rates remain very easy in the open market, where the supply has been increased this week by about a million and a half by gold imports and the redemption of Treasury bills. At the Stock Exchange settlement which began on Tuesday, Stock Exchange borrowers were able to obtain accommodation at about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., and the rate of discount is hardly 2 per cent. The outflow of coin and notes to the provinces and Scotland is not as large it had been expected to be, as trade, though fairly good, is not as active as it was some time ago.

THE Stock Markets have again been very active and firm this week. Especially there has been a further rise in American railroad securities. The operators in New York appear exceedingly confident, and are buying on a very great scale. The opinion is still held, both there and in London, that the Silver Bill will be passed, and will lead to an inflation of all prices. Trade in America, too, is more active, and the American railway traffic returns all show large increases. Home railway stocks, too, have been bought in large amounts this week, as the market is under the impression that Parliament will sanction the proposals made by several boards of directors to divide the ordinary stocks into preferred and deferred ordinary. International securities, too, are all higher. There has been an especially remarkable rise in Spanish 4 per cent. bonds. Argentine securities have further recovered, and there has been a good deal of business in Turkish, Egyptian, and Russian bonds. Trade, though not improving as rapidly as it was before Christmas, is still fairly good. The consumption of copper is specially large. The demand for iron and steel manufactures is better than it was quite recently, and the improvement continues in the cotton trade. Altogether, the feeling is more hopeful than it has been since Christmas.